Brown.

Mrs. Matthews.

January 1st

1926.

STORIES

FOR

CHILDREN,

CHIEFLY CONFINED TO

WORDS OF TWO SYLLABLES,

BY MRS. HUGHS,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARY'S TALES," "ORNAMENTS DISCOVERED," &C.

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1820.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, *That on the twenty-second day of July, in the forty-fifth year of the In-*
[SEAL.] *dependence of the United States of America, A. D.* 1820, *Mary Hughs, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof she claims as author, in the words following, to wit:*

> *Stories for Children, chiefly confined to Words of Two Syllables, by Mrs. Hughs, author of "Aunt Mary's Tales," "Ornaments Discovered," &c.*

In conformity to the act of the congress of the United States, intituled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned." And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

THE Author of this little volume has reprinted it from the London edition, which appeared in two small volumes, under the titles of "Stories for Children" and "Aunt Mary's New Year's Gift," with the exception of the first story, which is original. The favourable reception these little stories met with, in England, has induced her to offer them to the parents and teachers of America, in the hope of their being received as amusing and instructive exercises for their young pupils.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

THE WAY TO FIND PLEASURE.

LITTLE JULIA was one day made very happy by being told by her papa that there was a little playfellow, about her own age, coming from England to live with them. He said it was the daughter of a brother of his who had died some years ago, and left his little girl under the care of her grand-mamma. But her grand-mamma was now also dead, and the poor little Susan being left without any one to take care of her in England, he had begged the favour of a friend who was coming over to America to bring her with him. He had done so, and the ship in which they were, was now at the wharf. "I am going, therefore," said Julia's father,

"to bring the little stranger, and you must prepare yourself to receive her very kindly."

This Julia readily promised to do, and then ran off to announce the news to her favourite maid. But when Nancy heard it, she did not seem so much pleased as Julia thought she would have been. I do not think you need to rejoice so much, said she, for I believe it will not be so very charming a thing to have a grand-mamma's pet amongst us. You may depend upon it she has always been so used to have her own way in every respect, that she will soon make you her humble servant, or you will have a dreadful life with her. Julia did not at all relish this idea, for she too had always been a pet, though she had no grand-mamma to make her one, and knew so little of what it was to give up her own will to any one, that she felt if she had to give up any thing to her cousin she would much rather have been without her company. As she was thinking over these things she heard her fa-

ther's voice, and was soon after called down stairs to bid her cousin welcome to New York. She went down, fully expecting to see a peevish, petted looking little girl, but found, with surprise, that on the contrary, her cousin was a very cheerful, good tempered looking one, nearly the height of herself, but much stouter and more blooming. Julia looked at the little stranger with great reserve, and when told by her father to go forward and kiss her, she did it in a manner which plainly shewed she would rather have been excused. As her father thought they would sooner become acquainted if left alone, he quitted the room soon after he had seen Susan enjoy some nice fresh fruit, which was a great treat to her after having been so long at sea, where she could get very little to eat, except hard biscuit and salt meat. But even after they were left to themselves there was very little passed between them for some time. Nancy had raised so great a dread in Julia's mind that this little English cousin was

come to destroy a great many of her comforts, and fill that place of darling of the family which she herself had always before held, that she could not help looking at her with coldness and fear. But Susan either did not notice these looks, or had resolved not to be made uneasy by them. She went to the window, and began to speak of the handsome street, (for her uncle's house was in one of the most open parts of Broadway) of the City Hall, but above all, her mind seemed to dwell upon the Museum, to which the sound of the music first drew her notice.

Were you ever in that Museum, Julia? asked she of her cousin.

A single Yes, was all that she got from Julia, in answer.

I should like very much to go. Do you think your papa will ever take me?

I do not know, was Julia's reply.

Did he ever take you?

No.

Dear! I wonder at that. Should you not like very much for him to take you and let you look at all the curious things?

Nancy always takes me, answered Julia, beginning to open her mouth a little more freely, and I like best to go with her; for then I need only look at what I choose.

I should wish to look at all the curious beasts, and birds, and insects, returned Susan, for I like dearly to look at such things. The only pleasure I had in being at sea, was that I saw so many things there that I had never seen before.

What did you see? asked Julia, drawing towards Susan, with more freedom than she had ever yet done, for she was eager to hear about some of the wonders of her voyage.

We saw three or four whales, replied Susan, and you may be sure I was very glad to see what I knew to be the largest fish in the world, and watch it throw up the water from its nostrils like water-spouts, whilst it puffed so loud that we could hear it at a great distance.

Oh! I should have been very much afraid, said Julia.

There was nothing to be afraid of, for we were quite safe out of its way you know. Besides, though the whale is as big as a large ship, it is very harmless, and would not hurt you, even if you were within its reach. But we saw another fish, which is not quite so harmless. I mean a shark; with its great wide mouth and sharp teeth, which can so easily bite a boy or girl in two. I assure you, when it came swimming along by the side of the vessel, I was very glad to think that I was out of its reach, as I believe there was nothing it would have liked so well as a bite or two of one of us. The captain told us that if there chanced to be any one sick on board, when a shark came near the ship, it would often swim by its side for many days, in hopes of their dying and being thrown overboard.

But how could they tell when any one was sick?

The captain said he supposed they knew by means of the smell. But we had no sickness amongst us, so Mr. Shark soon took his leave.

What a large fish it must be, to be able to eat a whole man!

It is not nearly so large as a whale, answered Susan, but it has a very wide mouth and throat; so that whilst the whale can only swallow a very small fish, the shark can very easily bite off a man's head. But there was nothing I liked so well to see as the little nautilus, for besides its being so pretty, a gentleman in the ship told me about their having taught mankind a useful lesson.

What was that? asked Julia.

I will tell you all about it, answered Susan. The gentleman caught one in a bucket of water, and shewed me that it was quite flat shaped, and well fitted for sailing; and that it has the power of throwing out above the top of the water a thin light piece of skin almost like silk, which catches the wind and pushes the little fish along. He said that by watching this little fish, as it was driven along by the wind, men began to think it would be possible to move a ship along in the same way; so they fastened tall

poles on the deck, which you know are called masts; and then stretched large pieces of strong cloth against them to answer the same purpose as the sail of the nautilus, so that when the wind pushed against them, it sent the ship along as nicely as could be. You may be sure that hearing all this made me have a great deal of pleasure in looking at this little creature, for I thought that if it had not been for this little fish, perhaps mankind might never have learned the way of sailing from England to America, and then I could never have been brought to other kind friends, after I had lost my good kind grandmamma. Then, besides all this, there are a great many different colours of them all very bright and fine, so that they look very pretty indeed, glancing in the sun as they sail along by the ship's side. But the gentleman told me that they were much larger, and had finer colours, in hotter climates.

It is hard to say how much longer Susan might have amused her cousin with the account of her travels; or how

warm a place she might have gained in her heart, had not Nancy come into the room to say that it was time for them to go to bed; but before Julia would consent to go, she made Susan promise that she would tell her more about what she had seen at sea the next morning. The moment that she found herself alone with her maid, she said, You are mistaken, Nancy, in thinking that Susan was a grand-mamma's pet. I assure you she is not at all a pet, but a very nice little girl, and knows a great deal more about every thing than I do. And yet she does not say a word to me about knowing so little, but tells me, and tries to make me as wise as herself.

Oh! I have no doubt, answered Nancy, but she is able to talk quite like a little old woman, for that is always the case with those who have been raised with their grand-mothers. They learn to talk, but they know nothing of playing, as other children do; so that they have to be petted and pleased in every thing. I am sure you will have a dreadful life with her.

Again Julia's fears arose, and she began to feel alarmed lest it should now be her fate to have to yield instead of being yielded to, and in spite of the pleasure which she had felt in Susan's company during the evening, she closed her eyes with a sincere wish that she had never come to New York.

The next morning, before the little girls had got their eyes fairly open, or their senses quite awake, Nancy came into the room, crying, Get up, young ladies! get up! There is to be a grand treat for you to day; the frigate is to be launched from the navy yard at eleven o'clock, and all the people in the city are going to see it. Oh! it will be the grandest sight, and here is an elegant day for the show. The little girls started up in an instant. Oh! delightful! cried Susan, what a grand sight it it will be to see so large a vessel plunge into the water. How glad I am that I got here in time to see it!

Will papa take us or must we go with you, Nancy? asked Julia.

Your papa went out very early this morning, without saying any thing about your going, and I forgot to ask him, answered Nancy, but it is no matter, I can take you myself very well.

But ought we not to know whether uncle chooses us to go, asked Susan.

Yes, said Julia, we must have papa's leave before we go.

Oh he will be back again, I guess, before we need to set out, replied the maid, and I am sure he will let you go, for he is always willing that you should have pleasure. Julia placed herself at a window to watch for her father's return, and soon began to be peevish at his being so long of coming. Susan, who saw that her cousin was almost out of temper, did all she could to amuse her whilst they sat waiting, without ever once saying a word about her own wish to see her uncle come back. At length they saw him at a distance, and they both ran as fast as they could to the door to meet him : Oh ! papa, I am glad you are come, cried Julia, for I began

to be afraid you would not be back in time.

In time for what, my dear? asked her father.

To give us leave to go and see the frigate launched, answered Julia.

I am afraid you are as far from having leave as ever you were, Julia, for I cannot permit you to go.

Oh! why not papa? cried Julia. Why may we not go? Nancy says every body in the city is going, and that it will be the grandest sight in the world.

I am very angry at Nancy for saying any thing about it. She ought first to have known whether I wished you to go or not. But it is a very hot day, and Susan is not yet used to such weather; I must not therefore have her exposed to the very hottest part of the day. So I hope, Susan, my dear, you will make yourself content at home to-day, and there will be another frigate launched before long, which you shall go to see instead.

Yes, uncle, replied Susan, good tem-

peredly, I can be very well content to stay at home; Julia and I can amuse ourselves and be very happy.

But there is no need that I should stay at home because you do not think it fit for Susan to go, papa, said Julia, pouting her lip and looking very cross. Why should that deprive me of the pleasure of seeing the frigate launched?

You surely would not be so unkind as to leave your little cousin by herself, Julia? said her father.

I want to see the frigate launched, papa, muttered the little girl.

Do pray let Julia go, uncle, urged Susan. I do not care for being left alone for a few hours. I can amuse myself very well, for, you know, every thing is new to me here; and then she will tell me all about what she has seen when she comes back.

I have no doubt you could amuse yourself, my dear, for I see that you have a pleasure in taking notice of every thing around you, and trying to understand all that you see. But I should be sorry

to indulge Julia in so unkind a wish as to go and leave you alone for so long a time the very first day after you came to New York.

I do not like to stay at home, again muttered Julia, and beginning at the same time to cry. I want to go where every body else is going.

But I do not choose that you should go, answered her father, in a firm tone.

Now Julia's papa, though a very good man, did not know very well how to treat little wayward girls, and had therefore been so much in the habit of indulging his daughter in every thing she wished for, whether it were proper or not, that she had never learned to submit to being refused, and she began to cry very hard when she found she could not prevail upon her papa to let her have her own way as usual.

Come, be a good girl, Julia, said he, for he was but too much inclined to yield to his daughter's tears, and I will make a bargain with you. If you dry your eyes, and stay at home this morn-

ing in a pleasant manner, I will try and find time in the afternoon to take you over to Hoboken, as soon as the heat of the day is over, and I know you like to go there dearly.

Oh! yes! I know she does, said Susan, for she talked to me this morning about Hoboken, and the pleasure we should have when you took us there.

But I want now to go and see the frigate launched! was again Julia's only reply.

At this moment her father was called away by a gentleman who came to speak to him on business, and they soon after left the house together. On hearing her father close the door, and go away without having given her leave to follow her own wishes, Julia burst into a loud fit of crying, which soon brought Nancy to her aid.

Papa will not let me go to see the frigate launched, said she as plainly as she could speak, as her maid entered the room, and it is only because he says it is too hot for Susan.

There it is! cried Nancy. That is

just as I told you it would be. I knew you would have to give up every thing to her.

Yes! returned Julia, sobbing, you told me she would make me her humble servant, and she has begun already.

Poor Susan looked at her cousin and Nancy with great surprise, on hearing herself thus accused, for it was quite new to her, to be charged with wishing any body to deprive themselves of pleasure on her account: yet she made no angry reply. She knew that Julia had, like herself, lost her mother when quite a baby, but had not, like her, been so happy as to have the loss made up to her by a good and kind grand-mamma, who had always taken pains to teach her to be ready, at all times, both to take pleasure herself and to try to give it to others. She had no doubt that Nancy meant to be very kind, for she seemed very fond of Julia, but she had sense enough to know that she took a very wrong way of shewing her kindness, by putting such things into her cousin's

head; and she was going to try to convince Julia that she was mistaken in thinking that she wished to deprive her of pleasure, but Nancy began to speak first.

But after all, said she, I cannot see the sense of your staying at home. As to Susan being hurt with the heat, that is all nonsense; I expect she is as strong and as able to bear either heat or cold as any of us; so that if you have a mind to go, you may do it very well.

But how can we? asked Julia, drying up her tears at the mere hint of being able to go; you know papa is not here now to give us leave.

No! but he said before he went out, that he should not be back again before three o'clock, and the frigate is to be launched at eleven, so we might go and see it and get back again long before he comes home, and he would know nothing about our having been there.

Julia stood for some moments silent. She knew very well that it would be wrong for her to go after her father had

forbidden her, yet she was so little in the habit of denying herself pleasure that she was strongly tempted to indulge herself in this. At length she turned to her cousin, and not doubting that she was still more ready to yield than she was herself, asked her if she would go.

Do you mean that we should go without your papa's leave? enquired Susan.

You know papa is not here to give us leave, answered Julia, blushing as she spoke; for she knew very well that it was wrong in her to think of going.

But you know he has forbidden us, and I would not go after he had forbidden us, if I wished to see the launch twenty times more than I do.

Oh! that is because she wants to get into your papa's favour, that she may be the darling in future; and I suppose if you were to go, she would be in great haste to tell your papa as soon as he came in that you had been there.

No! said Susan, I will never tell any thing of Julia that is likely to make her papa angry with her. But I hope she

will not think of going without his leave, for I am sure if she does so, she can have no pleasure when she gets there.

Oh! that is all nonsense! she knows well enough she would have been allowed to go if you had not been here, so that I can see no harm in her going if she wishes it. I declare it is quite dreadful to think of her not seeing such a grand sight on this elegant day. But suppose you do not like to be left alone.

Nor yet to think of me enjoying pleasure without her, added Julia.

I should be very glad to think of your enjoying pleasure, returned Susan, but I am sure you are mistaken, if you fancy you could find any in going contrary to your father's orders. And, besides, you know you are promised the pleasure of going in the afternoon to Hoboken, and surely that will be pleasure enough for one day.

No! not if I can both have that, and see the frigate launched too, answered Julia.

No! to be sure! added Nancy, two good things are better than one, you know; so come let us go and talk no more about it.

Susan looked at her cousin, anxious to discover that she had changed her mind, and was willing to submit to her duty. But though Julia shewed very plainly that she knew she was doing wrong, she could not withstand the temptation, and putting her hand within her maid's, she allowed herself to be led away without saying another word. Such behaviour as this was quite new to Susan, and she felt very sorry to see so nice a little girl as Julia, act in so improper a manner. But she has never been with any one who could teach her better, thought she; her father is too busy to be much with her, and she never had a kind grand-mamma, as I had.

Julia soon found that Susan was right when she said that she could have no pleasure if she went without her papa's leave; for she was in constant dread of being discovered. She knew that her

father had said he should be too busy to go himself, but it was possible he might change his mind afterwards, and even be already there. Every gentleman she saw at a little distance she fancied was him, and trembled and hid herself behind Nancy, for fear of his seeing her. But this was not all, for the crowd was so great, that a little girl like her had no chance of seeing the vessel, which was on the opposite side of the river, unless she could be mounted upon some high place. Nancy offered to take her upon the top of a warehouse where she saw a number of people going, and where they were sure of having a full view. But Susan's guilty mind durst not venture, lest her papa should happen to be any where near, when he would be sure to discover her in an instant. Then suppose, said Nancy, we were to cross over in one of those boats to the opposite side of the river, and then we could go so near that we should be sure to see without having to stand upon any high place. Julia

was very glad to do this. She fancied she should be better any where than in the place she was, for she felt uneasy and scarcely knew why. She was not willing to own to herself that the cause of her uneasiness was the knowledge of having done wrong, and that wherever she went, that would be sure to go with her.

They were soon across the river, and took their stand so near the vessel, that they could not fail to see it from the first moment it began to move; but still Julia was as far as ever from being happy, for she was as far as ever from feeling that she had done right; and she wished very much to go home again, without even waiting for the launch. But Nancy had got amongst a set of her own friends, and would not hear of going; so that Julia was forced to remain. She stood, however, the picture of distress, starting and trembling at the sight of every gentleman who bore the least likeness to her father.

An old lady who was near her,

seemed to be struck with pity for the look of misery which she saw in Julia's countenance, and coming up to her she asked her very kindly, if she were sick with the heat. Oh no, ma'am, said Nancy, in great haste to speak before Julia had time to reply, she is only tired of waiting so long, but it will soon be over, for the ship will not be many minutes of being off now. As she ceased speaking the frigate began to slide along the ways with gentle dignity, but it was only for an instant that she was allowed to enjoy the sight. In a moment the vessel, plunging into the water, caught the mud at the bottom of the river, and threw it all splashing about her, and before Julia knew what was the matter, she found herself quite covered with it. Nancy shared the same fate, and it was hard to tell which of them was loudest in their distress. The old lady however, who had before kindly noticed Julia, came again forward and helped her to clear the mud from her face, and rub it as well as she could off her frock; after

which they again crossed the river and made all the haste they could home. As Julia entered the house, she looked very unlike one who had been in search of pleasure. Self-condemned and mortified, she went as quickly as she could to her own room, wishing for nothing so much as to get out of the way, before any one saw her. Her little dog, which was always in the habit of having a kind word and a caress on her return from a walk, came running to fondle about her as usual, but he was knocked away with an angry "begone," and was forced to skulk off as if in disgrace. As soon as Susan heard that Julia was returned, she ran up stairs eager to hear the news. But she found her cousin in little humour to tell her any thing about the matter. Oh, I cannot tell you what I saw. I did not see any thing. Do not plague me! were her only answers, spoken in a very peevish tone, to all Susan's inquiries.

Susan soon found that she was much out of temper, and forbore asking her

any thing further, though she felt very anxious to know how she had happened to get herself so much dirtied; but, began to talk to her of other things, whilst she helped her with the greatest good nature, to pull of her muddy dress. What do you think I have heard in the garden, Julia, said she, since you went away? I could not think for a long time what it was; but, at last I went to one of the servants to ask, and she told me. And what do you think it was?

How should I know? replied Julia in a pettish tone. You cannot expect that I should be able to guess all the wonders that come in your way.

It was a bull-frog, answered Susan, and I was very much pleased to think I had heard one.

A bull-frog! cried Julia, in a sneering tone. That was something to be sure to make a wonder of.

But, you ought to consider, said Susan, good temperedly, though she felt rather vexed at the manner in which

her cousin had spoken, it is the first time that I have ever heard such a thing in my life, for we have no bull-frogs in England. But grand-mamma once read me a part of one of Miss Edgeworth's stories, where they were spoken of, and I have thought ever since that I should like very much to hear the strange noise they make.

Oh! what a happy thing it is that you have heard one at last, cried Julia, still speaking in a sneering manner, I declare you have seen and heard so much that nobody in the world will be so wise as you.

At this moment Julia heard her father on the stairs, and in a moment her tone was changed, for she had not yet got all her muddy things put out of the way.

Oh what shall I do! Here is papa coming up stairs, and it is very likely he will look into this room as he goes to his own, and if he sees my muddy clothes, he will know at once where I have been; and will never forgive me for being so naughty.

What a pity, thought Susan, that you should ever have behaved so when you knew it was wrong, and that it would displease so kind and good a father. She however helped Julia as fast as she could to pull her dirty clothes off, and put clean ones on; and as the little trembling girl heard her father go past her room door, and close that of his own, she again began to breathe. But still the feeling of having done wrong weighed heavy on her mind, and she waited for his coming out again as though she still had something to dread.

Julia, said Susan, struck with pity for the distress she saw her in, will you let me advise you what to do to ease yourself of the pain you feel.

What would you have me do? asked Susan, in a more humble tone than she had ever before used when speaking to her cousin.

I would have you to go to your papa, and confess at once what you have done, and I am sure you will be happier for it after.

What, I suppose you want to de-

prive me of the pleasure of going to Hoboken, said Julia, again changing her manner of speaking.

No, I want to make it more sure, replied Susan, for I believe your papa would not punish you if he saw that you really repented what you had done.

I dare say you would like me to try, but I do not quite choose to take your advice, so you had better go and tell him yourself.

No, I will never tell him; you must not, Julia, think that I mean to be unkind to you, said Susan, in a tone of voice that would have gone to a much harder heart than Julia's; and it had its effect, for she had nearly yielded to her cousin's advice, when Nancy came into the room.

Julia, said she, I am come to charge you to be very careful not to say a word that may lead your papa to think that you have been at the launch. He found that I had been there, and asked me if you were with me. I told him you were not, and he said no more about it. But if he were to find out,

after all, that you had been there, he would be very angry with me, you know.

But Susan says I had better tell him, replied Julia, for she says she is sure I shall be happier if I do.

Perhaps so, said Nancy, in a whining voice, for then you would be without me; and I suppose you would be very glad to be quit of me, for you do not love me half so dearly as I love you.

But I do love you very dearly, cried Julia, clasping her arms about her maid's neck. You know I love you, and I would not be without you for all the world.

Then will you promise me that you will not tell your papa.

Yes! I do promise, answered Julia, and at that instant her father, coming out of his own room, came straight forward to her's.

Well, my little girls, said he, are you ready for dinner, and then to set out as soon as it is over for Hoboken,

to eat your dessert in one of those pretty gardens.

Yes, quite ready, was their answer, and hanging one on each arm, they hastened with him down stairs.

The dinner was soon on the table, and they sat down; but Julia might as well have not gone to it, for any thing that she could eat; a constant dread hung over her mind, and took away her appetite. The knowledge of having something to conceal made her in constant dread of being found out, so that every time her father happened to turn rather hastily to speak to her, she started and turned pale.

Julia, my dear, what is the matter with you? said her papa, tenderly, I am afraid you are sick, and not in a fit state to go out this evening.

Oh! no! I am quite well, papa, answered the little girl, turning now as red as she had before been pale. I am quite well, and should like to go of all things.

Then you shall go, for I have worked

very hard all the morning on purpose to get leisure to take you, and I think you deserve the treat, after having staid at home in the morning so pleasantly as Nancy tells me you did.

Again Julia's colour changed, and she felt more pain from receiving this praise, which she knew she had not a right to, than if she had been punished as she knew herself to deserve.

How pleasant this praise would have been, if I had felt that I had a right to it, thought she. But now it is only painful. No! I have not taken the right way to find pleasure. I wish I had taken Susan's advice, and told him the truth: but it is now too late, for I have promised Nancy, and I must not break my promise.

Their dinner was soon over, and they hastened with all the speed in their power, to join the horse-boat which crosses the river at four o'clock. But just as they turned from Greenwich Street, to the place where the boat lay, Julia saw the old lady who had been so

kind to her in the morning, a few paces before them, evidently going to the boat also.

Scarcely knowing what she did, she made a full stop, and cried out, Do not let us go in that boat, papa! I do not like to go in that boat.

But if we do not go in this, my dear, said her father, we shall have to wait an hour longer; and that you know would make us so late that we should barely have time to cross the river and come back again before the evening closes in.

Oh, I do not like to go in that boat, again repeated the little trembling girl, and as she spoke expressed so much alarm, that her father looked at her, quite at a loss to make out what was the matter.

At that moment the old lady, as if she had forgot something that she had meant to take with her, turned back and came towards them. She no sooner saw Julia, than she knew her again, and going up to her, asked her very kindly if she had got the better of her fright.

I was not aware that she had had a fright, said Julia's father, answering for her; but I believe I may say she has not yet got the better of it, whatever it was, for she is very unlike herself this afternoon.

I do not much wonder at it, said the old lady, for I believe for the instant she fancied herself plunged into the river along with the frigate.

This was enough to explain the whole tale, and he gave Julia a look which told her at once that he now understood it all.

Uncle, said Susan, laying her hand gently upon his arm, will you let me tell you how it was before you say any thing to Julia about it?

No, cried Julia, I will tell papa myself. I know you wish to excuse me, but I do not deserve it. I did what I knew to be wrong, and I deserve that papa should punish me, and I am sure I shall be happier after he has done so, than I have been ever since I disobeyed him.

I must beg, said the old lady, that your papa will let me speak first. I did not know, added she, turning to Julia's father, what was the matter with this little girl; but I was struck with pity at seeing her look in so much distress; but am now sure that it was owing to the pain she felt from having done wrong. I can answer for it, therefore, that her punishment has been a severe one; and if I might venture to advise, it would be that your displeasure should only be shewn by sending away the servant who tempted her to commit the fault.

But Nancy did not mean to be unkind to me, said Julia, venturing to plead for her maid, though she had not dared to do it for herself.

She perhaps even meant to be kind, my dear, answered the old lady, but we sometimes receive as much harm from an ignorant friend as from our worst enemy; and a person who could tempt a little girl to disobey and deceive her father must be an enemy indeed.

Oh, yes! answered Julia, I know now

that she was an enemy, and only wish that I had been wise enough to take Susan's advice, for she told me that I could not have pleasure whilst I knew that I had done wrong.

Susan, replied her father, had the good fortune, which you have never enjoyed, of having a kind grand-mamma to teach her what was right; and I hope she will now transfer to you the good lessons which she has received.

I am only a little girl, like Julia's self, uncle, replied Susan, and have need to be taught as well as her, but I am sure we shall have great pleasure in learning together, if we were with any body who was able to teach us.

Though I am a stranger, said the old lady, I have already ventured to give my advice, and will now go a little further, and say that it would be a pity to have two such fine little girls lost for want of proper care; and therefore I hope it will not be long before they are put into better hands than that of a servant.

I will look out for a good school for

them, without loss of time, answered Julia's father, and will deprive myself of the pleasure of having them in the house with me, for the sake of their future benefit. But come! the boat seems to have waited for us, and is not yet put off from the quay. So let us make haste, and we may still enjoy a pleasant afternoon at Hoboken.

Oh yes! cried Julia, I can be happy now, since I have nothing on my mind that I wish to conceal. I find that to be good is the only WAY TO FIND PLEASURE.

THE LITTLE GIRLS

WHO DID NOT LIKE TO BE USEFUL.

Ann and Sarah's mamma went to pay a visit of a few days to a friend; and the two little girls were left under the care of their elder sister, whilst she was away. Before their mamma left home, she called them to her, and said, "You know, my dears, your sister is always very kind to you, and never wishes you to do any thing that is not right; so, I hope you will be good little girls, and attend to all she says, and do what she bids you, and I will kiss you and love you when I come back, and call you my own good little girls; but, if you are naughty, and do not take pains to please your sister, and save her

trouble when it is in your power, I shall be very much grieved, and shall not have any pleasure in seeing you." The little girls gave their mother a promise that they would attend to what she had said, and be good whilst she was away, that they might be happy to see her come back again.

The first day they went on very well, but the second they were not so good, and began not to mind what their sister said to them. When she asked them to do any thing for her, they either made believe not to hear her, or else they would say they were busy, and could not do it; and, when she insisted upon being obeyed, they went about pouting and grumbling, and made themselves look naughty.

On the morning of the third day, Sarah, who had awaked early, lay watching for Ann's opening her eyes: at last, when her sister awoke, she said, "I will tell you what, Ann,—I do not like to have so many things to do for my sister; I do not see what right she has to make us wait

upon her: you know, yesterday morning, after she had dressed little brother John, she told you to fold up his night-clothes, and then she bid me go down stairs, and ask if his breakfast was ready; but I do not like to go running about for her."

"Nor I, (said Ann;) but then, how can we help it? You know we must be obliged to do as she bids us."

"I have been thinking of a plan, (returned Sarah;) and, if you will promise to refuse to do the next thing she bids you, I will do so too."

"But then you know, Sarah, (said Ann,) mamma told us we were to obey her, and that she would not love us if we did not."

"Yes, I know she did, (replied Sarah;) but then, I dare say, she only meant about our lessons, and you know we may still obey her when we are in school. It is only when we ought to have nothing to do but to play that I do not like to be told, first to fold up my own night-clothes, and then brother

John's, and first to do one thing and then another, as if it were our duty to wait upon her."

"And, I dare say, it is our duty to do as much for her as ever we can, (answered Ann;) for, you know, she does a great deal for us."

"To be sure she does, (replied Sarah;) but then, you know, she is much older than we are, and ought to be more useful. Besides, though I like to do things for mamma, I do not like to be her servant; so now, Sarah, if you will promise to do the same, I will refuse to do the very next thing she bids me."

"Well, then, perhaps,—" said Ann.

"Nay; you must not say perhaps: you must say—indeed and indeed you will."

"Then, indeed and indeed I will," said Ann; and, as soon as they had made this bargain, they got up and began to dress themselves. Just as they were dressed, their sister came into the nursery with their little brother in her arms.—"Ann, my dear, (said she,)

will you bring me little brother Johnny's clothes here?"

Ann was just on the point of running for them,—for Ann was a good-natured little girl, and liked to oblige; but a look from Sarah put her in mind of the promise she had made, and she stood at a loss what to do. Her sister asked her again, for she fancied she had not heard her, and was trying to make out what she had said. Still Ann stood, and did not either speak or move.

"Ann, why do you stand in that manner? (said her sister:) Did you not hear what I said?"

Ann looked at Sarah as if she wished her to speak, for she did not like to do so herself. Sarah knew what Ann meant, and said, "Ann heard what you said, sister, but she does not like to do so many things for you, nor I neither; so we have agreed that we will not do any thing more."

"Indeed! (said their sister;) then who do you expect will do any thing for you, if you are not willing to be useful in return?"

"We never ask you to do any thing for us," said Sarah.

"But you know you have a great deal done for you, (replied her sister.) What kind of figures would you be, do you think, if nobody did any more for you than you can do for yourselves?"

"We can do a great deal for ourselves, (said Sarah,) and should be very happy if we had not so much to do for you."

"Very well, then, (answered their sister) I will make a bargain with you: I will not ask either of you again to do any thing for me; and you must not expect that any thing should be done for you neither."

"And will you make this bargain without being angry with us, sister?" asked Ann, who was very glad to find her sister did not speak as if she thought them very naughty.

"No! (said her sister,) I shall not be angry with you, I shall only leave you to try how you like your own plan: but, mind, you must not forget that you are

to do every thing for yourselves. Those who do not choose to be useful have no right to expect to have any thing done for them."

The little girls thought this was a very good bargain; and they saw their sister dress little John and go down stairs, and were quite pleased to think what a nice time they should have with nothing to do but to amuse themselves.

"You know, Ann, (said Sarah,) we can do well enough: we have dressed ourselves already, so that all we shall have to do, is to go down stairs as soon as the bell rings for breakfast; and, after breakfast, we will go into the garden and play all the whole morning, till dinner-time. Then, after dinner, we will either go out again and play, or stay in the house, just as we like; for there will be nobody to find any fault with us, or to tell us to do something else, just as we are setting about some nice play; and it is so vexing, you know, Ann, to be called away. I think you are much obliged

to me for putting this plan into your head, for I dare say you would never have thought of it yourself."

"No, I believe I should not, (answered Ann;) and I like it very much, now that I find my sister is not angry with us."

"Angry! (said Sarah,) No, indeed, that she is not. I dare say she is very glad; and I am sure we may be very glad, for we can do well enough for ourselves."

"Oh! that we can, (replied Ann;) we want very little, you know. When we have got our breakfasts, and go to play, we shall not need any thing more till dinner-time; so we can do well enough, I am sure."

"But what a long time the breakfast-bell is in ringing, (said Sarah, after they had waited for a summons down stairs, till they began to be tired.) I should be glad to hear it ring, for I want my breakfast very much." Still, however, they waited, and waited; but all in vain: no summons was heard to call them

down stairs; and, at length, quite out of patience, they agreed to go down without being called, and see what was the matter. On going into the breakfast-parlour, they were surprised to see their sister sitting at work, and little John playing with his bricks, on the carpet, beside her.—"Dear me, sister, what a long time the breakfast is of being ready," said Sarah.

"Whose breakfast do you mean?" asked her sister.

"Why, every body's," answered Sarah, surprised that her sister should ask such a question.

"John and I have had our breakfasts these two hours."

"But we have not had any, (said Ann,) The breakfast-bell never rang for us."

"No, (replied their sister,) because you know I have nothing to do with you now; you are to do every thing for yourselves."

"But we cannot make our own breakfast ready, sister, (said Ann, in a

tone of distress;) we cannot boil the milk ourselves."

"That I cannot help, (answered her sister:) you must be forced to manage as well as you can."

"Oh! no fear, (said Sarah,) but we shall do very well. You need not be afraid, Ann, (added she;) come into the kitchen, and I dare say we shall get our breakfasts."

They then went into the kitchen, but they could neither see bread nor milk, nor any thing else that they could eat; neither could they see any of the servants to whom they could apply.—"But I know where the bread and milk is kept," said Sarah, and away she went into the pantry; here she found bread enough, but it was in a large loaf, that was too heavy for her to lift, and she in vain tried to cut a piece. No milk was to be found any where; and she was just coming away in despair, when, moving the loaf a little to one side, which however, she could scarcely do, for it was so large and

heavy, she found two pieces of crust lying beside it. She was as glad to see these two hard dry crusts as if they had been two pieces of very fine cake, for she had now begun to feel very hungry. She ran to Ann and gave her one of them, and they both begun to eat them very eagerly.

Much of these dry crusts, however, could not be eat without their feeling a great wish for something to drink, and again Sarah looked about for milk:—but no milk was to be found. Ann began to look very woeful, as the dry bread kept sticking in her throat as if ready to choke her; but Sarah kept up her spirits. "Never mind, Ann, (said she,) we can take a draught of water for once, and we shall manage better, I dare say, another time."

Ann had no other choice, so she took Sarah's advice; and, after drinking the water which was offered her, she ate the rest of the crust, and tried to made the best of it. "We must keep a watch for dinner-time, (said Sa-

rah,) when they had got their meal over, and were going into the garden to play. We must not wait again for the bell ringing."

Their mamma had given each of them a piece of ground for a garden, which was to be their own, for them to do whatever they chose with. In the middle of Ann's garden was a holly-bush, which nearly covered the whole of it; but her sister had told her the day before that she would desire the gardener to dig it up for her the next day. The holly was still there, and Ann could not now apply to any one to remove it: she was in hopes she should be able to pull it up herself, or at least with Sarah's help, which Sarah was very willing to give. They pulled, and pulled, for a long time, till at length, on giving a sudden jerk, Ann's frock-string gave way with a great crack, and her frock came dropping off her shoulders. Sarah, at the same time, had given her arm a twist with the pull, and hurt her wrist so much that she screamed out with the

pain. "Oh! dear, what is to be done, (cried Ann,) my frock will not stay on? Will you pin it for me, Sarah? added she, turning to her sister, whose cry of pain she had been too much grieved about her frock to notice. Sarah raised her arm to try to do as her sister wished, but she found she was unable to use her hand.

"Let us go into the house, (said she,) and you may take your frock off, and, perhaps, we may find a needle and thread, to mend the string with; or, when my hand is better, I will do it for you: I never did put a string in, but I have often watched my sister and mamma do it; and, I dare say, I know the way they do it."

They went into the house, but no thread or needle was to be found, and, on taking out the string, they saw that it was too much broken to be any more useful; so there was nothing for Ann but to wear her frock, which was a very full-drawn one, all loose about her shoulders. "Oh! dear, (cried she, as her frock

came dropping down every minute,) this is a great deal worse than having to go errands for my sister; I am sure I would rather go twenty times from the nursery to the kitchen, and fold up twenty night-gowns, than have to wear my frock in this way, for I hate it above every thing."

"Only have a little patience, (said Sarah, holding her wrist, which gave her more and more pain every minute,) till my arm gives over paining me, and, I dare say, I shall manage to make your frock tight: besides you know it is only for a little while you will have to wear it in this way,—you will have to change it before dinner,; but it would be a long, long time, that you would have to run errands for my sister."

Ann tried to comfort herself with thinking of this; but, at any rate, she thought she might as well have the comfort of her other frock, as soon as she could. She began to dress herself, therefore, though she knew it still wanted a long time to dinner; and, after wash-

ing herself, brushing her hair, and making herself very neat and clean, she put on another frock, quite glad to think it had good strong strings, and might be tied as tight as she liked. But, alas! she had never once thought of not having any body to tie those strings for her. Sarah was unable to make the slightest use of her hand, and Ann was now even worse off than ever; for the lower string of the frock she had had on before was fast,—but, now, neither of them was tied.

Still Sarah kept up her spirits, by hoping her arm would be better before long; and Ann spent the rest of the morning in pulling her frock on her shoulders, and in making attempts at tying the strings herself.

At length, the smell of meat, and the rattling of plates and dishes, gave them notice that dinner was ready; and, as they were both very hungry, they could not think but of going down to it, though they felt very much ashamed to appear before their sister in such a

plight,—the one in the same dress she had first put on in the morning, and the other with her frock hanging loose about her shoulders. They even thought it was very likely their sister might send them away again, and say she would not have such slovenly little girls at the table with her: but they were mistaken,—she allowed them to seat themselves at the table, without saying a word to them; and, placing little John on his high chair by her side, she began to help first him, and then herself, to some pye which stood near her, without taking any notice of the two little girls, who watched her motions with great anxiety. They sat looking at each other a long time, quite at a loss what to think or do. There was a pye at one end of the table, and a roast fowl at the other; but neither of these things they were able to cut, and they saw very well that their sister did not mean to help them.

"Are we not to have any dinner, sister?" said Ann, in a very doleful tone, for she felt very hungry.

"Certainly, (said her sister,) if you choose. You are at liberty to help yourselves with any thing that is on the table."

"But we cannot cut either the pye or the fowl, (answered Ann, pulling her frock on her shoulder at every other word;) Sarah is the best cutter, and she has hurt her right arm."

"I am sorry Sarah has hurt herself, said her sister; but you know you must make the best of these things, for they are your own bringing on." Ann's eyes filled with tears as she looked with a longing eye at the nice pye to which her sister was helping John a second time, and smelt the fowl, of which she wished very much to have a taste.

"Here are some nice smoking hot potatoes, Ann, (said Sarah, lifting up the cover of the dish which stood near her;) I can help you to some of them."

Ann thought it but poor work to dine off dry potatoes when there were such nice things on the table; but she could do no better,—so she handed her plate to

Sarah, who, as well as she was able with her left hand, helped her to some, and then took some herself. But here they found another distress:—there were very few potatoes—not half so many as they could have eaten; for their scanty breakfast had made them very hungry. There was nothing for them, however, but to be content; so, after emptying the dish, they each took a draught of water, and made all the haste they could back to the nursery; for, when their hunger became less painful, they began again to think about their dress. As soon as they were alone, Ann said, "I am sure, Sarah, I do not at all like to breakfast off bread and water, and dine off potatoes and water, and to be all day with my frock hanging loose about me:—I wish I had never made such a bargain with my sister: I do not like to be without the things that she does for us;—you cannot do half so well for me as she can."

"But only wait till my wrist is better, (said Sarah,) and then you will find that

I can do a great deal for you. You know we always tie each other's strings, and surely we can do it now as well as before."

"But it is such a long time of being better, and I must be all that while with my frock untied. I have a great mind to go to my sister and tell her I am tired of the bargain, and ask her to tie my frock for me; and then I shall get my supper just as I always do."

"Oh! that would be very unkind, (replied Sarah,) for you know you would desert me, if you did so. Besides, you said, indeed and indeed you would stand by me; and it would be telling a story if you did not."

"Then how long am I to stand by you?" (asked Ann.)

"Always, to be sure; you said you would."

"But you know if you were to change your mind too, it would do very well. I should not use you ill then."

"Oh, but I shall not change my mind, (answered Sarah;) for, though my

arm is very painful, it is better to be as I am than to go to my sister and tell her that I know I have been very naughty, and that I am very sorry for it. And then I should have to be punished, and you know we may as well punish ourselves, as let her punish us."

"If she were to punish us, it would soon be over, (returned Ann;) but, if we keep punishing ourselves in this way, it will never be done."

"Oh, but it will: (said Sarah.) Only wait till my arm be better, and you shall see how nicely we will manage. We will go into the kitchen when the servants are getting breakfast and tea ready, (for you know we may go where we please now,) and then we shall be able to get both milk and bread; and, when my arm is better, I dare say I shall be able to cut as much meat at dinner as we can eat; and you know the fruit will soon be ripe, and we may eat it. I only wish my arm were better;" (added she, holding her wrist, which was now a good deal swelled and very painful.)

They kept talking on in this way; and the afternoon was spent by Sarah in holding and rubbing her wrist, the pain of which she bore in a manner that would have done credit to a better cause; whilst Ann's whole time was spent in pulling her frock on to her shoulders, and in endless attempts to tie it when there. At length their stomachs began again to crave for food, and they agreed to go down stairs, to see if they could get some supper. They found the kitchen in the same state it was in when they had visited it in the morning; and, on going into the pantry, they could only find two crusts of bread like those of which they had made their breakfast. Poor Ann looked very dismal at the idea of so poor a meal, but Sarah still kept up her spirits. "This will do to take the hunger away, (said she;) and you know it will soon be bed-time; and, when we are asleep, we shall not have any need of eating." As usual, they ended their meal with a draught of water, and then returned to

their place of retreat,—Ann to lament over the bargain she had made, and Sarah to keep up her spirits by saying every thing that she thought would comfort her.

At length, quite weary of themselves, they thought their best way would be to go to bed, and fall asleep as fast as ever they could. They began, therefore, to undress; Ann was obliged to assist Sarah in getting off her clothes, for her arm grew every minute more swelled and painful. When Sarah was ready to get into bed, they saw, what they had not before noticed, that the bed was unmade, and was all rough and tumbled, as they had left it in the morning. This was a great grief to them; for Ann could do very little by herself towards putting it right, and Sarah stood watching her, pulling the clothes first one way and then another, without even trying to help her with her left hand; for she was in so much pain that she now began to feel very sick. When Ann had got the bed-

clothes laid as straight as she could, Sarah was making all the haste in her power to lay down, when she thought of not having said her prayers. She stood a few minutes, as if she was turning something over in her mind, and then burst into tears. The sight of Sarah in tears was an event so rare, that Ann looked at her with a mixture of alarm and wonder for some time before she could ask her what was the matter. At length she got out the question of "What do you cry for?"

"I cannot say my prayers, (answered Sarah,) for I have been very naughty, and am not fit to pray."

"Then let us call my sister, (said Ann,) and tell her that we know we have been naughty, and beg of her to forgive us; and we know that, if we are quite sorry for our fault, and resolve not to commit it again, our father in heaven will forgive us too."

"But my sister will not come to us, (said Sarah;) she will not take any more trouble about such a naughty girl as I am.

But, if I could only see her to tell her that I am the only one who deserves to be punished, I should be very glad. It was I who made you naughty, Ann; if it had not been for me, you would never have thought of being such a naughty girl. I wish I could see my sister, to tell her that you deserve to be forgiven."

"Oh, she will forgive us both; I am sure she will, as soon as she knows that we are sorry for having behaved so ill," (said Ann;) and, as she spoke, she ran to the top of the stairs, and called "Sister! Sister!" as loud as ever she could; but no sister answered.

"She will not come, (said Sarah, in a tone of despair;) she thinks we are too naughty to come near."

Again Ann raised her voice as loud as ever she could, and called "Sister!" Soon after, she heard the parlour-door open, and she ran back to Sarah with great glee to tell her that her sister was coming. Their sister soon after came into the room. The moment Sarah saw

her, she again burst into tears. "Sister, (said she, as soon as she could speak for crying,) do not punish Ann, for she would never have been so naughty if it had not been for me: punish me as much as you choose; but do not, I beg of you, punish Ann."

"I have no thought of punishing either of you, (replied her sister;) I think you have punished yourselves quite enough, and have no need to suffer any more. I hope you have learned to be wiser for the future. You see it is folly to suppose we can do without help, for we all depend upon one another; and little girls, above every body, must depend upon the kindness of their friends for every thing they need; and the least return they can make, is to do their best to be useful to those who are so good to them."

"Oh! I have been very naughty, (said Sarah, crying still more when she heard her sister speak so gently;) I deserve to be punished."

"And you have been punished, I am

sure, by spending such a day as you have done."

"And with such a pain in her arm, too," (said Ann.)

"Oh, no matter for my arm; (said Sarah, who now wished as much to make amends for her fault as she had before been eager to commit it:) I deserve all the pain it gives me."

Her sister now asked about the manner of her having hurt it; and, on looking at the arm, she was quite shocked to see it so much swelled. She went directly down stairs, and got something to rub upon it; then bound it tight up, and Sarah soon began to feel it much better.

"Oh, how could I ever think of behaving so ill to so good and kind a sister! (said Sarah:) and not only to be naughty myself, but to make you so too, Ann, was worse than all."

The servant had now made their bed for them, and their sister begged Sarah would make haste and get to bed; and

she hoped her arm would soon be so easy as to enable her to sleep soundly.

"Such a naughty girl as I have been does not deserve to sleep soundly," (said Sarah.)

"If you knew yourself to be naughty, and yet refused to own your fault, or to resolve to behave better in future, (said her sister,) then you would, indeed, not deserve to sleep soundly; neither would you be able to do so, because you would feel unhappy. But now that you have owned your fault, and have resolved not to behave so again, I hope you will soon be able to fall asleep, and will awake in the morning both well and happy." Their sister then kissed them both, and bade them good night.

"I can say my prayers now; (said Sarah, in a more cheerful tone;) my sister has forgiven me; and I hope my Heavenly Father will do so too."

"Oh; yes! I am sure he will: (said Ann, delighted to see Sarah look happy again;) mamma has often told me that he is always ready to forgive those who

repent, and resolve to be good in future."

The two little girls then knelt down together by the bed-side; and, after saying their prayers very earnestly, they went to bed, thanking their sister for her kindness to them, and often saying to themselves, till they fell asleep—"I will be as useful as ever I can to my sister, and every body else, both to-morrow and every day that I live; for, if I am not willing to be useful to others, how can I expect them to take any trouble for me?"

THE CRUEL BOY.

GEORGE was a very cruel little boy, and took great delight in giving pain to all kinds of creatures which were less and weaker than himself, where he was not afraid of being hurt in return. He used to take great pleasure in catching poor little harmless flies, and pulling their legs and wings off, and then would laugh and amuse himself to see how they struggled about, without being able to walk or fly :—he never once thought of the pain the poor things must endure when their limbs were thus pulled off; nor, indeed, had he thought of it, would he have cared; for George did not care for any body but himself. He was sometimes told that it would only be what he deserved to have one of his own arms or legs cut off, that he might know what it was to be without a limb. He had a very kind grand-

mamma, who was very fond of giving him pleasure; but, when he went to see her, he used to get a stick and knock and beat her cat about; so that poor puss was sure to run out of the house as soon as ever she saw him come in, and never came near again till night, when George was either gone home or to bed, and then she would creep in softly and slowly, as if she were still afraid of meeting him.

His grand-mamma often told him that, if he hurt her cat, she would never allow him to come to her house again, and that his cousin Henry should have all the rides on her donkey.

When George was told this, he did not resolve that he would never try to hurt the cat again, he only thought he would take care not to let his grand-mamma see him do so; but, if he had been a good boy, he would have taken care never to do any thing that his grand-mamma would be angry at, for she was always very kind to him.

One day she called George and his

little cousin Henry to her, and said,—"My little boys, I want to say something to you."

"I think I know what it is about, grand-mamma, (said Henry, looking at the new suit of clothes that he had on that day for the first time;) I think you are going to say that you will be very angry, if I dirty my new clothes."

"And what do you think I am going to talk about, George?"

George hung down his head, for he thought he knew very well what his grand-mamma was going to say. She asked him again, however, and then he said,—"Perhaps you are going to tell me that I must not hurt pussey."

"You must neither hurt her, nor any other creature, (answered his grand-mamma;) for they are naughty indeed who delight in giving pain. I should not love you, or try to give you pleasure, if I knew you to hurt even a little fly on purpose."

"But what matter for such a thing as a fly, grand-mamma? I do not think it

can feel any pain, it is such a very little creature."

"There is no doubt, my dear, that every thing that lives can feel both pleasure and pain. It would be strange if we were to fancy a living creature could not feel pain, because it was little. What would you say, if a great elephant was to come and knock you down with its trunk, and hurt you very much; and we were to stand by, and look at you, without trying to do you any good, and only say,—'Oh! it is no matter, he is such a little boy, that I dare say he does not feel any pain?'"

"But, flies are a great deal less than I am, (said George.) Besides, you know, when I am hurt, I can cry, and tell what is the matter with me; but they cannot say a word."

"But they can twist their little bodies, (said his grand-mamma,) and struggle as if they felt a great deal of pain. I am sure, if you were to watch them when they are quite well and at liberty, and notice how they fly from

place to place, you cannot have a doubt of their feeling pleasure; and, if they can feel pleasure, they are sure to be able to feel pain also. Only look how nimbly they come and put their trunks down to taste the sugar, or run along the edge of the cup and sip the tea. Poor little things, a very little pleases them, and I always make them very welcome, for I like to see them happy. I think of those pretty lines to a fly, which I have often tried to teach you.

'Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I,
Welcome freely to my cup,
Could'st thou sip, and sip it up.'"

"Flies seem to have very queer mouths, I think, grand-mamma, (said Henry;) for, when they eat or drink, I never see them put their heads close to what they are tasting."

"Because their heads are made with trunks, such as elephants have, and they put them down and take up what they want, and then turn their trunks up

into their little mouths, as the great elephant did, you know, that our papa took you to see the other day."

"Dear, how curious! (said George;) I will watch them the next time I see any of them eating or drinking, and try if I can see their little trunks."

"Do so, my dear, (said his grand-mamma;) and look at them as they run along the table, how nimbly they move their little legs; and what pretty light wings they have, and how swiftly they move them backwards and forwards when they fly. I am sure, if you were to notice all these things, and think what wisdom the Almighty has shewn even in a little fly, you could not find in your heart to destroy or hurt one."

"But, after all, grand-mamma, you know, flies are very useless things; they can do no good to any body."

"You are mistaken, my dear, in thinking they are of no use: I assure you, they do us a great deal of good. The food which they live mostly upon

would be very bad for us to have lying about. You have not forgotten, I dare say, a short time ago, when we were out walking, we were made almost sick with a very bad smell, and we found that it came from the body of a dead dog which was lying near. But, a few days after, when we went the same road, there was nothing left except the bare bones, which had no smell at all. Now, these little flies, which you think so useless, were greatly the means of clearing this nuisance out of our way; and they destroy many things of the same kind, which would make the air bad for us to breathe, if they were to remain, and might bring a great deal of sickness upon us. So, you see, George, we must not call these flies useless."

"No, indeed, they are not useless, if they took away that nasty smell. I know when I had smelt it once, I was sorry when I saw you were going the same road the next day, because I expected to smell it again; and I was

holding my nose with my fingers, when you said the smell was all gone."

"Then, I beg you will not forget the good you have got from flies, but be kind to them in return. But, now I must tell you what it was that I was going to say, when I called you to me. I wanted to tell you, that I wish to make a bargain with you. I am going to-morrow into the country, in a carriage, to pay a visit, where there are a great many nice little boys and girls about your own age, and large gardens, and a great number of nice things, which I know would give you pleasure; and, if you, Henry, do not dirty your new clothes; and you, George, do not hurt any thing the whole day; I will take you both with me."

"Oh! we will be good, that we will," cried both the boys, clapping their hands and jumping about the room for joy.

"Then go and play, (said their grand-mamma;) and, if I find at night that you have kept to the bargain, we

will set off very early to-morrow morning, that you may have a nice long day to enjoy yourselves in."

Away the little boys went, in full glee, each being sure at the time that he would not forget his grand-mamma's charge. Henry was very fond of climbing upon walls and trees, or any high place that he came near: but he was resolved this day, at least, to keep upon plain ground, as it was by climbing that he was so apt to tear and dirty his clothes.

As George was going out at the door, the cat came past him, and his foot was up in a minute to give her a kick; but he thought of the bargain just in time to save poor puss, and she was allowed to skulk quickly past him, which she did, creeping close to the ground, as if she knew what she had to expect. "Are you not sorry, George, to see poor puss so afraid of you?" asked Henry, as he saw the cat creep along.

"No, to be sure, (answered George;) what should I be sorry for? Who cares whether a cat likes one or not?"

"But you may care whether other people like you; and, I am sure no-body will, when they see the poor cat is so afraid of you, for they will be sure you are a cruel boy."

"Oh! that is only what grand-mamma says, because she is so fond of her cat; but no-body else would care about it."

As George did not feel disposed to hear Henry's answer, he set off running as fast as ever he could. Henry was going to follow him, but, seeing that his cousin was going towards a wall that he had always been very fond of climbing upon, he began to think that, if he went near it, he might be tempted to get upon it, which he was sure would dirty his clothes; so he turned back again, and went and sat down beside a large pond, where he was much amused with watching a hen which had the care of a large brood of ducks. Some of the ducks had got into the water, and were swimming about with great glee; but Henry felt quite sorry for the poor hen, as he watched her, and saw how much distress she seemed to feel at not being

able to go after them. She went chucking backwards and forwards by the edge of the water, trying to entice them out again by all the kind noises she could make; then turned every now and then, to look at the rest of her brood, which were dabbling very merrily amongst some swampy grass at a little distance.

Whilst Henry was looking at all this, and thinking what a pity it was that hens shoud be set to take care of ducks, since the ducklings were never so happy as when in water, and the hen could not go into it at all; George came up to him, holding one of his hands closed, as if he had something in it that he was afraid of losing.—"Look, Henry, what I have got here, (said he, holding out his hand to his cousin, and raising one of his fingers to let Henry peep in:) you see I have not had my run for nothing. Did you ever see such a pretty butterfly?"

"But, what are you going to do with it?" asked Henry.

"Do with it! (repeated George;) why keep it, to be sure, to look at."

"But what will grand-mamma say, if you keep it? She will call that hurting something."

"No, I am not hurting it, (said George:) I am holding it quite softly in my hand."

"But the touch of your hot hand hurts it, and it will very soon die if you keep it there."

"I will put it under a tumbler, then, (said George,) when we go into the house, and I can look at it through the glass you know."

"But grand-mamma will still call that hurting something, I am sure (returned Henry;) for, if it be not allowed to fly about amongst the flowers, it will be very unhappy. Mamma told me that butterflies had a very short time to live, and that they were very busy laying eggs, that there might be more butterflies next year; and that it would be very cruel to confine them: so I wish you would let it go, George. I am sure grand-

mamma will be very angry when she knows you have kept it."

"I will pull off its large wings then, (said George,) and keep them to look at."

"O! no! you must not hurt it, (cried Henry, catching hold of his cousin's hand, to prevent him from doing as he said he would.) Oh! do not pull off its wings. Do not be so cruel, George."

George was not pleased at Henry for holding him! and, as he tried to get loose from him, he opened the hand which held the butterfly wider than he intended, and away flew the little prisoner. The moment he found that he had lost his prize, George flew into a great passion, and gave Henry a blow on one side of his face, which almost knocked him down.

"Now I have hurt something this time;" said, he, thinking in a moment after he had done it, of the treat he was to have had.—"Now I know grand-mamma will not take me."

"I will not tell her that you have hurt me, (said Henry, holding his hand over his eye, which smarted very much,) if you will promise not to catch any more poor little harmless butterflies."

"And will you neither strike me again, nor tell grand-mamma of me?" asked George, with surprise; for he had no idea of any-body being so good natured.

"No; if you promise not to hurt either me, or any thing else, again."

"Well, then, let us not say any more about it;" said George, turning away in a careless manner from his cousin, without even thanking him for being so good to him: indeed, George fancied within himself that it was not owing to good nature that Henry had not struck him in return, but only because he was a coward.—"I wonder why those ducks do not go into the water too, (said he, looking at that part of the brood which was still amongst the grass:) I will send them into the pond in a hurry." As he spoke he took up a stone, and threw it

at them; and the next moment one of the ducklings fell down dead.

"Oh! George, (cried Henry,) how could you have the heart to hurt one of those sweet pretty little ducklings."

"Oh! the sweet pretty little things, (cried George, mocking the tone of voice in which Henry had spoken:) but I did not mean to hurt them, (added he;) I only wanted to give them a fright, and send them into the water. But, perhaps, I can keep grand-mamma from knowing any thing about it;—if I go and get it, and throw it into the pond, she will only think that it has been drowned. You will not tell of me, Henry, will you?"

"No (answered Henry;) I will not tell of you unless grand-mamma asks me if I know how it was killed, and then you know I must not tell a lie. But can you be happy, George, when you deceive grand-mamma so much."

"Oh! (said George,) it would be a very great pity, for me to lose the plea-

sure of my visit to morrow, because a poor little useless duckling chanced to be killed."

"It would not be because the duckling was killed, (replied Henry;) for grand-mamma would not punish you, though the whole brood of ducks was dead, if you were not the cause of it; it is because you were so cruel as to kill it, that she will be angry."

"Cruel! (returned George;) I wonder, who would call it cruel, but grand-mamma and yourself, to knock a little useless duckling on the head. I am sure you make a great deal of fuss about nothing: I dare say it scarcely felt the blow."

"I know (said Henry, putting his hand up to his eye, where George had struck him, and which had now begun to swell,) a blow on the head may hurt very much without killing one."

"Oh! because you are as soon hurt as any little duckling is, (said George, in a scornful tone;) every body knows you are a coward."

"Perhaps I am not such a coward as you imagine; (said Henry, his cheek flushing with anger at the charge.) But I do not think there is any courage in hurting little harmless creatures, that cannot do any thing to defend themselves."

"Oh! I know how it is, (said George,) you keep yourself safe, and then you say it is because you do not like to be cruel. But it is to yourself you are afraid of being cruel: you are afraid of giving yourself pain."

As George spoke, he went down the sloping hill to where the ducklings were, meaning to take up the dead one, and throw it into the pond. But, no sooner did the hen see him stooping towards her little brood, than she flew at him in the greatest rage, and pecked at his eyes with her sharp bill, till he fell down with pain and fright.

"Oh, Henry! Henry! help me! help me! (cried he, as well as he could speak,) help me, or else I shall be killed."

Henry could not but wonder that George should call for him, whom he had used so ill, to help him; but, though his cousin was so cruel to others, Henry could not bear to see him suffer without going to his aid. Catching up a long stick, therefore, he ran down the hill, and soon beat off the angry hen, which went chucking away, with her feathers standing up so as to make her look as big again as her common size. Henry saw that, in his haste to help his cousin, he had plunged amongst the wet swampy grass, and had splashed and dirtied the clothes he had been so resolved to take care of. "I have lost my chance of the visit to-morrow, (thought he,) for I cannot conceal from grand-mamma that I have broken through my part of the bargain, if I even wished to do so. But I hope I should never have been so naughty as to have wished to deceive her." He then turned to George, who lay screaming and crying, whilst his face was all streaming with blood: "What can I do for you, George? (said he, as

kindly as if George had never behaved ill, either to him or any other creature;) let me help you into the house, and perhaps grand-mamma may be able to give you something to do you good." He then, in as tender a manner as ever he could, helped his cousin to rise, and led him to the house; whilst George sent his cries before him with a loud voice: for he did not find that pain, when he himself felt it, was such a trifle.

His grand-mamma and one of the servants, who had heard his cries, came to the door to meet them, and to see what was the matter. "What has hurt you in so dreadful a manner?" asked his grand-mamma, much shocked at the sight of his swelled eyes and bleeding cheeks.

"It was the hen, grand-mamma; the naughty hen, that is taking care of the young ducks."

"Then I am afraid you have been hurting some of her little brood."

"I never touched one of them, grand-mamma; I was only walking past

them ;" said George : for this naughty boy wished to be more naughty still, by trying to deceive his grand-mamma.

" I wonder (answered she) that the hen should have hurt you, when you were not doing her any harm. It seems as if she had known something of your temper, George, and thought she would be before-hand with you. But keep up you spirits, my little man; we will doctor your face, and I hope it will soon be well again."

" But can you make it well by to-morrow morning, grand-mamma?" said George; who now felt quite sure that his grand-mamma still meant to take him with her.

" If I cannot, you shall still not be deprived of your jaunt. As it has not come to you on account of any thing that you have done amiss, I will put off our visit till you are able to go with us."

She then began to wash the blood off George's face, and to bathe the wounds with brandy. This made them smart very much indeed; and George danced

and screamed, in spite of the pains his grand-mamma took to persuade him to be patient, by telling him, that, though the brandy made them smart more at the time, they would be better for it after. But this cruel little boy, who never was sorry in his life for any thing that was in pain, had not yet learned the way to bear it himself.

Whilst his grand-mamma was trying in the kindest manner to soothe and comfort him, and the kind-hearted Henry was standing by, with a look of great pity, the room door opened, and the gardener entered, with the dead duckling in his hand. "Here, ma'am, is the young duck (said he,) that master George has paid so dear for the pleasure of killing."

His mistress looked at him, as if to ask him what he meant.

"I have often screened master George, ma'am, (said the man;) but I cannot think of doing it now; for it would only be keeping him up in what is very wicked; and I know master Henry

will not tell of him, for all he has got such a black eye himself."

Henry put his hand to his eye, as if he wished to hide it, when he saw his grand-mamma turn round to look at him. She had been so busy with George that she had never once turned her eyes upon Henry; but, now that she looked at him, she saw his eye both swelled and very black, and his trowsers all wet and dirtied.

"You look as if you had been at the wars, Henry, (said she;) I hope you have not been fighting with your cousin?"

"If you will give me leave, ma'am, (said the gardener,) I will tell you all about it; for I was very near, and saw all, and heard what passed, though nobody saw me."

The man then gave his mistress an account of the manner in which George had behaved; first about the butterfly, and then about the ducks. He took great pains to relate to her the arguments which Henry had used, to persuade his

cousin not to hurt the butterfly, as well as his agreeing so readily to forgive him for having behaved so ill to himself. But, when he came to speak of Henry's going so boldly to beat off the angry hen, the very moment after his cousin had treated him so ill, the old man did not seem to know how to praise the little hero enough.

When he had done speaking, his mistress turned to George, and said—"I was in hopes, George, you had for once taken pains to be a good boy; but, as I find that it is not the case, but you have still gone on trying to give pain to every thing near you, I am not sorry that you have felt it in your turn. I shall pity you no longer. You shall go into your own room and bear the pain you have to suffer as well as you can. I only hope it will teach you to feel for others in future, and make you take care not to give pain, when you find it is so bad to bear. As for you, Henry, though you have made your clothes dirty, I am better pleased with you for it than if

you had kept them clean by refusing to go and assist your cousin. You shall have the reward of all the pleasure I can give you in your visit to-morrow. I said I would wait for George, when I thought he was a good boy; but he must not expect me to do so now."

She then ordered George to go into his own room; but he stood screaming and crying, without moving from the spot where he stood. She desired him again and again to do as he was bid; but George had not learned to obey. His grand-mamma had always been very kind and gentle to him, and he was still in hopes that she would be induced to change her mind, and forgive him: but, though she had been very mild, and had always tried to tempt him to be good by kind and gentle means, now, that she found it had not had any effect upon him, she was resolved to make him suffer for his ill-conduct. She therefore told him again to go into his room; but, when she found that he still stood in the same place, she turned to the gardener,

and desired him to take him in his arms, and carry him up-stairs. This was a job that the man seemed very glad of, for he had been as much afraid, as George had been in hopes, that his mistress would change her mind. Henry begged very hard to be allowed to go with his cousin; but his grand-mamma told him that she durst not trust him, for fear George should take it into his head to make his other eye black; "and then, (said she, smiling,) you would not be very fit for your visit to-morrow."

"But, will you not wait, and give George another day to try if he can be good enough to be allowed to go, grand-mamma?" (asked Henry.)

"No, my dear; I have tried him so long, that I despair of his ever being good, unless he be made to suffer more than he has ever yet done. I am very sorry to give him pain; but it would be wrong not to punish him for such conduct."

Henry often thought of his cousin during the day, and would have been

very glad to go and see how he was, but his grand-mamma would not allow him to go near him. She was resolved that George should receive as little pity as he had shewn to others, that he might learn to know its value.

If George had felt it hard to bear pain when he had kind friends near him, who were ready to assist him and show him every kindness, he found it ten times more so when left to himself, without a creature to say a soothing word to him. He was very glad when night came, that he might go to bed; for he was sadly tired of being alone. But, when he got to bed, he found he could not sleep, for his head ached, and his face smarted very much; and he lay tumbling about, and wishing for morning.

At length morning came, and George got up; but he had not got himself quite dressed, when he heard the sound of a carriage, and, looking out of the window, he saw his grand-mamma and Henry get into it, and drive off.

His eyes filled with tears as he turned from the window:—"I know I deserve this, (said he,) and that Henry ought to be rewarded. I have been a very naughty boy; but I will try if I cannot behave better in future."

THE LITTLE GIRL

WHO DID NOT CARE FOR WHAT WAS SAID TO HER.

Lucy had a very naughty trick of touching whatever she saw, which was often the means of her doing a great deal of mischief. It was in vain to tell her not to meddle with a thing, for the moment she had it in her power to do so, all the charges were forgotten; and she often in a few moments, did more harm than could be repaired in many days. It was not that Lucy had a pleasure in doing wrong, but only that she had not learnt to attend to what was said to her, or to deny herself any thing that she wished for. When she found she had given pain to others by what she had done, she often thought she would take

care never to do so again; but the next time she was tempted, she was just as ready as ever to commit the same fault. Her mamma one day caught a very large handsome butterfly, which she told Lucy she wished to copy; and for that purpose she placed it under a glass goblet. Lucy liked very much to look at it, and watch it creep up the sides of the glass, or spread its wings painted with so many fine colours; and she asked her mother if she might stay beside her while she copied it. Her mamma told her she was very willing she should stay, if she would take care not to lift the glass, and let the butterfly fly away before she had done with it. Lucy promised not to touch the glass; and had a great deal of pleasure in seeing her mother first draw the shape of the insect with a black lead pencil, and then begin to paint it with pretty bright colours. Whilst she was doing this, she told Lucy a great deal about butterflies. She said that they were first small eggs, and then they became caterpillars which she had

often seen creeping on the cabbage leaves. That they fed upon any young tender leaves that they could find, and did a great deal of harm in gardens. As they ate almost constantly, they grew very fast for some time; but at last they became benumbed and stiff, and a hard shell grew over them, and they seemed as though they were dead; yet if they were touched they would be seen to move, which shewed that the insect within was still alive. After lying in this shell for several weeks, her mother told her they broke it open, and came out pretty butterflies, with long light wings to fly in the air. They only lived a very short time, however; perhaps not more than a day or two; but before they died they always laid a great many eggs, which would be butterflies the next year. Lucy thought it very strange, that those ugly little crawling caterpillars should ever become pretty butterflies; for she could not imagine how they ever got those silken wings painted with so many fine colours. Her mother told her that the

Great Being who made them could change them in any way he thought fit. That he had made every thing in the world, and that it was in his power to do with them whatever he chose; it was very easy therefore for him to give them wings, and send them to fly in the air instead of crawling on the ground.

I should like very much to have that butterfly in my hand, said Lucy;—may I have it when you have done with it, mamma?

No, my dear, your warm hand would give it pain. Besides, you would rub off those little delicate feathers which make its wings look so very pretty.

Feathers, mamma! said Lucy. Are they feathers which are on its wings?

Yes, said her mother; the same kind of feathers which are on birds. But you shall see them for yourself; I will go and bring a glass for you to look at them through. It will make them appear so large, that you will be able to see clearly that they are feathers.

As Lucy's mamma said this, she

went out of the room to bring the glass; but the moment she was gone, Lucy—who wished very much to look at the butterfly's wing, to see whether they were really feathers which were on it—had not patience to wait till her mamma came back, but lifted up the glass for the purpose of taking hold of the insect. But the butterfly was more nimble than she was: it raised its light wings, and was off in an instant; and as one of the windows was open, it was flying about in the open air before her mother came back into the room. Lucy felt very much ashamed at what she had done, and very sorry; both for having prevented her mother from finishing her picture, and from having lost the pleasure herself of seeing the butterfly's wing through the glass. She felt sure at the moment that she should never be in such haste to touch any thing again: but Lucy had not yet learned to keep in mind the good things she so often resolved upon.

In the afternoon of the same day she

came into the room where her mamma was sitting; when the first thing she saw was a very large glass jar, in the shape of a globe, in which there were a number of very pretty gold and silver fish swimming about. She ran directly to the table on which it stood to look at the fish more nearly. Oh! what pretty little things! When did you get them, mamma? cried she.

They were brought to me as a present this morning, answered her mother.

How very pretty they are! I never saw such fish before; they sparkle just like gold and silver. Where did they come from, mamma? Were they caught in our river?

No; there are no such fish in our rivers. They were brought from France.

How quickly they dart through the water! I wonder how they can spring along so, for I cannot see that they touch the sides of the jar to push them forward; and the water is too soft for them to push against it.

They have no need of touching any thing solid to impel them forward, replied her mother; for nature has given them the power of darting along merely by moving their tails; and you see their bodies are made long and narrow, that they may the more easily cut through the water.

I thought it was their fins that gave them the power of swimming, said Lucy.

They are no doubt of some use to them, answered her mother; but the chief purpose of the fins is to keep them upright in the water; you see they spread them out and balance themselves with them: if it were not for their fins, they would not be able to keep themselves from turning constantly on their sides.

But look mamma! said Lucy; they can sink to the bottom of the jar, and then rise to the top again in a minute; I wonder how they can do that. They seem as if they were very heavy one minute, and quite light the next.

You know, I took you the other day

into the kitchen to see the servant fill a bladder full of air, and then tie it tight up: and that after it was filled with air it was so light, that it lay upon the top of some water, without sinking down in the least.

Yes, mamma, I know very well;—but what of that?

These and all other fish have a bladder of the same kind in their insides, which they can either fill or empty when they choose. If they wish to sink down to the bottom of the water they draw the air out of it, and then they are so heavy that they go to the bottom in an instant; and when they wish to rise, they swell it out again and come to the top, which they often do for the sake of fresh air.

I thought fish did not need any air, said Lucy.

All animals must breathe some air, or else they could not live, replied her mother. But some of them are able to draw a greater quantity in at once, which serves them for a longer time. We,

you know, need to draw in fresh air at almost very breath, because we can only take in a very small stock at once. We swell our lungs out with one breath, and empty them again the next; but fishes can breathe a long time from the same air, or else they would not be able to live in water, for no air can come to them there.

Yes, I know, said Lucy, that any other kind of animal when it is put into the water very soon dies; and I have often wondered how it was that fish could live there when nothing else could.

Fish are not the only animals which are able to live in the water, answered her mother; there are some which are able to live either on land or in the water: they are called amphibious animals. I do not know whether you can think of that word again; it is rather a hard one. But it means animals which can live either on the land or in the water. There is a very curious creature of this kind called a beaver, which I will tell you about some day when you have been a good girl, and

never touched any thing the whole day that you were told not to touch.

Will you not tell me about it now, mamma? I have not meddled with anything to-day that you told me not to touch.

Have you so soon forgotten the butterfly? said her mother.

Oh! dear, said Lucy, blushing; I forgot that. And yet, indeed, mamma, I was sorry for having let the butterfly go before you had done with it.

I wish, my dear, you did not forget your sorrow so soon; it would save both yourself and me a great deal of pain.

Well, to-morrow I dare say I shall not touch any thing that I ought not to meddle with—and then will you tell me about the beaver, mamma?

Yes, said her mother; you know I always have a pleasure in telling you any thing that will either instruct or amuse you, and I am sure the account of the beaver will do both.

Lucy, as she listened to her mamma, had almost forgotten the gold and silver

fish. She now turned to them again, and watched them with greater pleasure than ever, as they rose and fell in the water, or scudded round and round the jar, since she now knew better how it was that they did it. She began to think she should like to know how long they could live out of the water, for she could not think after all but that it must be much nicer to be out of water than in it.

Her mamma was gone out of the room, and she thought she might just take one of them out for a few minutes to try how it seemed to like it; she could put it in again as soon as ever she chose, if she found that it did not seem happy. Her mamma had told her before she left the room, to be sure not to do any thing to hurt them, and so she would take care: she would be very sorry to hurt them, she liked them too well for that. I only want to see if they look as pretty out of the water as in it, said she to herself, and to try how they like to be in the open air. Mamma says they could not live out of water; and perhaps they could not

always, but a very short time surely could not hurt them; I am sure a minute could do them no harm and I could have time enough in a minute to see how they look, and to watch how they draw in the air which is to serve them for such a long time. Well, I think I will try ; I have only to put in my hand and take one of them out, and then pop it in again as soon as ever I have looked at it. Let me see which I must take? That large gold one I think I will have, for I should like to know whether it looks as bright and yellow out of the water as it does in it.

On trying, however, to put her hand into the jar, she found it was too high for her, she could not reach to the top of it. How was she to manage? Her best way, she thought, would be to jump upon the table. She therefore put her hands upon it, and made a good spring; but alas! she was heavier than the table and in a moment it overturned, the glass jar slid along the sloping top, and in a minute was dashed to pieces on the floor.

Lucy had now plenty of time to see how the poor little fishes liked to be out of the water: but it was all lost upon her; and they lay flapping their little sides against the floor and gasping for breath, without her being able to think of any thing but her mamma's grief and anger. Her mother at this moment returned, and Lucy felt as if she would sink to the ground with shame at the sight of her.

My poor little fish, cried her mother —have you so soon come to an end? She pulled the bell in a great hurry, and ordered the servant to bring a bowl of water to put them in; but before the bowl was brought the poor little things had ceased to breathe, and lay flat and lifeless on the carpet.

Now, Lucy, said her mother, you see you have a second time to-day deprived me of a great deal of pleasure, by yielding to a fault of which you have a hundred times promised to cure yourself. You cannot wonder if I resolve to trust you no longer. Go therefore into your

own room, and if you must still do mischief, let it be amongst your own things; I cannot allow you any longer to come amongst mine.

Oh! mamma, said Lucy, the tears running down her cheeks—for she was really grieved for what she had done, as well as at her mamma's displeasure—if you would but be so good as to forgive me this one time, I am sure I shall never offend you again; for I can never forget that I have killed your pretty little fishes.

I have trusted to your promise and agreed to forgive you so often, answered her mother, that I can do it no longer; I insist therefore upon your going into your own room, and staying there till I give you leave to come out again.

Lucy durst not disobey; she left the parlour without another word and went straight to her own room. As she had both books and playthings there, she might have been happy enough, if it had not been for the thought of having been so naughty, and of her mother's displea-

sure; for she loved her mamma very dearly, and was never happy when she was angry with her. In vain, therefore, she tried either to read or play; the gasping and dying fish, and her mother's look when she saw them lying on the floor, were constantly present to her mind, and made her unable to take any pleasure. How naughty I was to think of touching them! said she within herself. Even if I could have done it without hurting them, it was wrong, after mamma had told me not; but I will take care never to touch any thing again when she forbids me—that I am resolved upon. Dinner-time arrived, and Lucy soon after heard her father's voice in the lobby. Perhaps, thought she, papa may persuade mamma to forgive me. And if he does, Oh! how good I will be! I shall let them see how grateful I am for their kindness. I hear Betty coming up-stairs, I dare say she is coming to tell me I may go down: papa often says, he does not like to sit down to dinnner without his little girl.

—But, no! she soon found that was not the case.

The servant came to bring her a dinner of dry potatoes, and to tell her that her papa was so angry at her, that he would not allow her to have any thing else to eat. Lucy did not care for dining off dry potatoes; but she cried as if her heart would break, to think of being in disgrace with her father also. What a naughty girl I am to displease such a very kind papa and mamma! said she; I dare say papa thinks I do not love my mamma, or I would not have killed the little fish she was so fond of. But I am sure I do love her very dearly, and shall never be happy till she forgives me.

In this way the whole day was spent; and she was obliged when night came to go to bed without being allowed to say "Good night" to her father and mother. She dreamt all night about her mamma looking angry, and about her papa telling her he did not love her, for behav-

ing so ill to so kind and good a mother; and she awoke in the morning very uneasy. Before she was quite dressed, however, her mamma came into the room. I hope, Lucy, said she, you have had time enough to think of your fault, and resolve to get the better of it.

Oh! yes, mamma, cried the little girl; I have been very unhappy ever since you sent me away from you, and shall never be happy again till you forgive me.

But I am afraid, Lucy, as soon as ever I forgive you, you will forget that you have ever been unhappy, and be as ready as ever to do the same thing again.

Oh! no, mamma, I am sure I shall not: I shall never forget that I killed the little fishes that you were so fond of.

Then you may come down to breakfast as soon as you are dressed, and I will give you another trial.

Lucy was not long before she obey-

ed:—she felt very much ashamed when her father spoke to her about the manner in which she had behaved; but as soon as he had done speaking on the subject, and began to smile and talk to her in his usual way, Lucy was quite happy again, and the broken jar and the gold and silver fish were scarcely ever thought of more.

After breakfast, her mamma took a number of dried plants out of a press, and began to arrange them in order on sheets of paper. Lucy asked her if she might stay and watch her whilst she was busy with them; and her mamma told her she should be very glad of her company, if she might depend upon her not touching any of the flowers, which were so dry that if they were not touched very gently indeed, they were sure to break. Lucy told her mother she might depend upon her not touching them; and she stood a long time watching her mamma, and asking questions about the flowers; and as her mother had something to tell her about each of

them as she took it up, Lucy was very much amused.—Just as the flowers were all laid upon sheets of paper, and her mother was going to write their names, a servant came to tell her she was wanted.

Now, Lucy, said she, I am afraid to leave you in this room, lest you should begin to meddle with my flowers. I must therefore desire you to leave the room before I do.

Oh! try me, mamma, said the little girl, and you shall see I have cured myself.

I shall be very glad to see that, said her mother; but do not forget that I shall be very angry if my flowers are injured, —and I will give you another trial. Her mother then left the room; and Lucy stood looking at the flowers, and feeling very proud of having cured herself of her fault. Mamma does not need to be afraid of leaving me again with any thing, thought she; for I can stand and look at these flowers, without ever putting my hand to one of them. Mamma

has often said, People have great merit when they cure themselves of a fault. Now I have cured myself of a fault; so I think she will say I have great merit when she comes in again.

Lucy did not take into account that she was very little tempted to touch these flowers, for they all lay spread out and quite open to her view. She could see them quite as well lying thus before her, as if she had held them in her hand, and therefore she had very little motive for taking them up. Had there been any part about them that she wished to examine and could not do so without touching them, we are afraid poor Lucy's good resolves would not have been much to be depended upon. As it was, however, she kept her word. Look, mamma, said she, as soon as her mother came again into the room—look how I have stood with my hands behind my back all the time you have been away; I have not so much as touched the table.

I am glad of it, answered her mother.

That is one effort towards curing yourself of a bad fault; and every trial you make will be a source of pleasure to you.

Yes, I am sure it will, said Lucy; for I feel far better pleased now than if I had taken up every one of the flowers. I am quite cured now, mamma; you must not call me a meddling little girl any more.

I wish I may never have any reason, my dear, said her mother, smiling to see how sure Lucy felt that her fault was cured; but I am afraid you will need to have more lessons before you learn to lay it quite aside.

I wish papa would come in, that he might hear that I have stood such a long time without touching any thing. Would not he be very much pleased to hear it, mamma?

I am sure he would. It must always give both him and me a great deal of pleasure to see you improve in any thing that is good.

When will he come in again, do you think? asked Lucy.

Not before dinner time, I believe, my dear.

Oh! what a long time that will be! But, however, I hope you will not forget to tell him, mamma.

You may depend upon it I shall not forget, said her mother;—and now if you choose you may go into the garden with me. This Lucy was sure to choose; and away she ran, hop, skip, and jump, before her mother, pleased and happy at the thought of having done what was right. Whilst her mamma was busy sowing some flower seeds, Lucy amused herself with running about and peeping into all the queer corners, as she called them. Having been shut up in her room almost the whole of the day before, she enjoyed the garden more than usual. She thought she never had seen it look so pleasant; and she often said to herself, how much better it is to be able to enjoy this nice garden, than to be naughty, and be obliged to spend the whole day alone in a bed-room!

After running about for some time

with great glee, she came to her mother in haste, and begged she would go and look at something she had found. It is a very queer-looking thing, said she, almost like a large ball; and it hangs from one of the branches of a rose-bush. I would have tried to get it off, and have brought it to you, but only I wished to let you see I could do without touching it. Will you go and look at it, mamma?

Certainly, my dear, said her mother; —and away they both went, Lucy running forward to show the place. Now here it is, mamma, said she, pointing to one of the lower branches of a rose-bush; is it not a very queer-looking thing?

It is very well, Lucy, said her mother, that you did not indulge your usual desire of touching; for if you had taken that ball from the tree, you would both have got yourself very much hurt, and have spoiled the dwelling of a great many little animals, that are so clever as to have made that house for themselves.

This is a wasp's nest; and if you knew how the little creatures contrive to make it, you would look at it, I am sure, both with delight and wonder.

But wasps, mamma, are very little things; I have often seen them flying about: I cannot think how they manage to make so large a house for themselves as this is.

Some insects, which are still smaller, are able to build houses a very great deal larger than this is, replied her mother. Even such little things as ants, are in some countries known to build themselves houses as high as I am; but even that does not make me wonder more than I do at this little wasps' nest, when I think of the skill which is shown in making it.

I think, mamma, it looks as if it were made of brown paper. Is that really what it is made of?

It is a sort of paper, to be sure; but what is very strange, Lucy, the little creatures made that paper themselves.

Did they indeed, mamma? Are you

sure of that? Did you ever see them making it?

I have seen them at their work many times, and many others have done the same; and they, after having seen much better than I ever did the way in which these little wasps build their nests, have been so good as to write an account of it, that others also might know it.

I wonder how they do it, said Lucy. I should like very much to know.

Do you know any thing about the manner the paper-makers went to work, that your papa took you to see a short time ago? asked her mother.

Yes, answered Lucy: I know that they made the paper of old linen which was torn and beaten all to pieces, and then squeezed in a press, till it was made into a thin smooth sheet; and then it was hung up to dry. But then, mamma, the little wasps cannot get any old linen to make their paper of.

They cannot, it is true, said her mother; but they can get something which serves their purpose quite as well.

What is that, mamma?

The fibres, or threads, of old wood. You know when very old wood is scraped, it comes off in small threads or fibres. Now these threads the wasps scrape off with their little jaws; and when they have got a number of them, they work them together with their jaws and feet into a sort of paste, just as you saw the paper-makers work and beat the old linen; and then they carry it off to the place where they intend to build their nest. When they get it there, they spread it out with their jaws, and tongue, and legs, till it is as thin as a sheet of the finest paper.

Dear me! said Lucy, whose eyes were fixed upon the wasps' nest with a look of great surprise, how hard they must work before they get such a large piece of paper made! How tired their little jaws and legs must be!

They are very happy in the work, I have no doubt, said her mother; for all kind of creatures, from a wasp to a man, are happy when busy with work that is

useful. But if you wonder, Lucy, to think of their having made one piece of paper, you will wonder still more, when I tell you that what you see on the outside is only a very small part of their labour.

They know that one sheet of paper would not be enough to keep the rain out of their houses, and therefore they take care to have a great many sheets, one a little way off the other. I have no doubt there are as many as fifteen or sixteen sheets, one within another, in that little nest before us; and then after all it is divided into little cells, for their young ones to live in.

Oh! mamma, said Lucy, I think you must surely mean to cheat me when you tell me that.

My dear Lucy, you may depend upon it I will never cheat you, or tell you any thing that I am not quite sure is true. I should not love you if you told me what was not true; you may be sure, therefore, that I will never set you the example.

But, mamma, I should think it would take a longer time than these little wasps have to live, to do such a very great deal of work.

There are a great many of them; and you know "many hands make quick work." It takes them several months, however, and they seldom live above a few weeks after it is done, to enjoy the dwelling which has cost them so much labour. The winter soon comes on, when they almost all die; and even the few who live over the winter always leave their old nest in the spring.

Then what do they build it for, asked Lucy, if they make so little use of it?

As a shelter for their young during the cold of winter, answered her mother; for parents, you know, never think any thing too much trouble which is to do their children good. But were those young ones to remain in the same nest which their parents had built, you know they would have nothing to do, and on that account would be less happy than their parents.—But I have talked to you

a long time about this wasps' nest, and had almost forgotten that I too have work to do. But before I go, let me tell you that you must be sure not to disturb these little creatures; for though so clever, and quite harmless if left alone, they are not very good-natured when offended.—Lucy's mamma then left her; and after she was gone, the little girl stood for some time in deep thought, with her eyes fixed upon the wasps' nest.

Dear me! thought Lucy, can it really be as mamma says, that there are fifteen or sixteen sheets of paper in that nest! Mamma said she should be very sorry to tell me what was not true; but then she may be mistaken. I wish I could see the inside, and then I should be quite sure. Mamma says the wasps always leave their nests in the spring, so that I might, to be sure, get this nest then. But I should like to see it just now. It is such a long time to wait till the spring: I wish I could take it down and look into it at this moment.

Mamma said I must not touch the nest, for wasps were not very good-natured, and I have often heard of their stinging. But supposing one of them was to come to sting me, I am a great deal bigger and stronger than a wasp, and could soon kill it. I do think I might venture to knock the nest off the bush, and then after it is knocked off the wasps would fly out, and I could take up the nest and look at it. Besides, they would never know that it was I who had knocked down their house, so that they would not think of hurting me for it. Well, I have fixed my mind upon having a peep at the inside, and I am sure I can manage a little wasp, let it be ever so angry at me.

As Lucy said this she took up a large stick, and gave the nest as hard a knock as ever she could. She did not, as she had expected, knock the nest off the branch on which it was fastened; but she gave such an alarm to its little inmates, that in an instant they flew out as fast as ever the size of the hole would

allow them; and after ranging about for a while as if in search of the person who had given them offence, they all seemed as by one accord, to fix upon Lucy. Her hands, face and neck, were soon covered; and as she tried to beat them off, sting after sting was pierced into her skin. In an agony of fear and pain she stamped and screamed, but the more she tried to knock off the angry insects, the more they assailed her. A hundred times did Lucy wish she had attended to what her mamma had said, and never touched the nest. She tried to run away; but they flew much swifter than she could run, and they seemed as though their anger would never have an end.

At length she reached the house, and her mamma and the servants helped to get her enemies beaten away from her. But the pain of their stings was not so easily removed: her face was soon swelled to such a size that she was frightful to look at, and the pain was so great that she did not know what to do

with herself. She was very patient, however, for she knew it was all her own bringing on. Her mamma was so good when she saw her in so much pain as not to say any thing to her to add to it. Yet Lucy knew very well that she had been very naughty, and that she deserved all that she had met with.

She no longer wished to see papa come home, that he might hear how well she had cured herself of her fault; she now found that she had boasted too soon, and that a bad habit is not so easily got the better of. When she heard her father's knock at the door, she covered her face, and begged her mamma to spare her the pain of seeing him. It was many days before Lucy looked like herself again; but it was longer far before the pain was forgotten.

As soon as the wasps had left their nest, her mother had it brought into the house and placed on the mantle-piece, that Lucy might see it daily. The sight of it never failed to prove a very

useful lesson. If Lucy felt inclined to fall into her old habit, the sight of the wasp's nest was always sure to prevent her, and to make her remember, that as little girls were not capable of judging for themselves when it was proper for them to meddle with what was near them, they ought to attend to what was said to them by their friends. She used, therefore, often afterwards to say, that though it had caused her so much pain, there was nothing that had ever given her so much pleasure in the end as the wasps' nest.

THE NEW DOLL.

FANNY got a present from London of a very handsome doll. It was made of leather, and had pretty blue eyes, curling hair, and such a sweet smile on its face, that you would almost have thought it could hear what was said, and knew that every body was admiring it. Besides all this it had a great many smart clothes. There were both morning and afternoon dresses; as well as a very handsome bonnet and spencer, to put on when it was taken out a-walking. Fanny scarcely knew what to do with herself, she was so pleased with it; and could think and talk of nothing else. She was never tired of dressing and undressing it; she thought it quite a hardship to be taken away from it for a moment. At night, when she had to go to bed, she dressed it in its night-clothes,

—for it was also fitted out with a night-gown and night-cap,—and laid it by her bedside, that she might see it the first thing when she awoke in the morning. She dreamt about it all night; and when morning came, she opened her eyes in a great hurry to see if it was still near her. There it lay, looking as sweet and good as ever.

Oh! you little darling, said she, how glad I am to see you! have you been long awake? Oh yes! I dare say you have, for your eyes are quite wide open. Well, be still a little longer till I dress myself, and then I will dress you and take you down to breakfast. She then put on her clothes as fast as if she were really afraid of the doll being weary of waiting for her, and was just setting to work to dress it when the breakfast bell rang. She was very sorry to leave it, but it could not be helped. It was out of the question to take it down stairs with its night-clothes on. She ate her breakfast as fast as ever she could, but she thought her brother would never

have done his; and her mamma would not allow her to leave the table till breakfast was quite over. At length the time came when she might return to her darling.

Now, said she, going to it in great haste, let me get you dressed, and give you a walk before school begins, or else you will have to lie till it is over, and that would be a sad thing. Miss Doll was then dressed and taken into the garden; and it no doubt would have been much pleased with its walk, if it could have known all that Fanny said, and have seen all the pretty things which she pointed out; but all was lost upon it, and Fanny tried to content herself for its want of sense with its sweet looks.

I wonder you are not tired of looking at that doll, said her brother Edward; I am sure I am weary of it, though I have not looked at it half so much as you have.

Tired! said Fanny, how could one ever be tired of looking at such a sweet good-natured face as it has! Did you

ever see such a pretty face in your life? I am sure I never did.

But then it is always the same, said Edward. It never changes its look. I like things to look sometimes pleased and sometimes vexed, and not always the same.

Oh! but I do not like to see any thing vexed, returned Fanny, because I do not like to be vexed myself; and my doll has such a sweet pretty face, it would be a pity for it ever to look cross.

I think nothing of a pretty face without sense, said Edward, looking at the doll with contempt.

Fanny felt very much offended at having her darling so much slighted, and might perhaps have shewn her brother that she could look as vexed as he could desire, if the school-bell had not at that moment rung; but at the sound of it she ran off as fast as ever she could to obey the summons, and attend her mamma in the school-room.

It was not till Fanny had laid the doll out of her hand and begun to collect her

books, that it came into her head that she had never once looked at a single lesson. She now began with all her might to try to make amends; but it was too late to repair the neglect. She was called up to her lessons, without knowing a word of any of them. One lesson after another was laid aside for her to learn before she left the school-room, and Fanny sighed to think what a long time it would be before she should be able to go back to her doll again.

At length they were all learnt and said, excepting her poetry, which her mamma gave her leave, as it was so near dinner-time, to put off till the evening:—and again the rest of the day was spent as the one before had been, in dressing and undressing her doll. It is very likely that when evening came the poetry would have been again forgotten, had not Edward reminded her just in time, that she had to learn it before she went into the parlour after tea.

The doll was put down, though with

great regret, and the book opened. But she had laid the doll down just as she had begun to think of putting on its pretty blue silk spencer, with its thin muslin frock: and her mind ran so much upon how well they would look together, that her poetry was not half learnt when she was told that her mamma wanted her in the parlour. It was then read over once or twice again in great haste before she went to her mamma, and she hoped she might be able to say it pretty well; but the words had passed out of her mind again, almost as soon as she had read them; and she had not got to the end of the second line, before she stopped and bit her lips, and thought again, but all in vain; she could not recal a single word more.

I had hoped you would have paid more respect to your promise, Fanny, said her mamma, after waiting some time to see if she could manage to go forward, and I am sorry to find I am mistaken.

But, mamma, said Fanny, blushing

at her own idleness, yet willing to find out some excuse for herself, I could not learn this poetry because I did not understand it.

You will find that there are many things which you will have to learn without being able to understand them. For instance, I intend that you should begin very soon to learn Latin; and you will then have to commit a great deal to memory without understanding any thing of what you are doing. So that you will be obliged to take it for granted that mamma would not wish you to do any thing that was not for your future good.

Oh, I know that, mamma. I know you are always good and kind to me.

Then the least you can do, Fanny, is to be good and diligent in return. But pray what is it in this poetry that you do not understand.

Well! look, mamma! Here is something about a silk-worm's shroud, and I cannot imagine what that can mean.

Do you not know what a shroud is?

No! mamma.

It is a dress which is put upon dead persons. Now the silk-worm, when it is about to turn into a chrysalis, as you know all butterflies and moths do, spins a silken web in which it rolls itself, and seems for a time entirely dead; so I think it is very proper to say that the silk which we wear was once the shroud of the silk-worm.

It may indeed, mamma: I understand it now very well.

There is nothing else I think that you can be at any loss about. You know that our woollen cloths are made of the fleece of the sheep and lamb; that the cotton of which our muslins and calicoes are made, grew in pods on the cotton tree; and that flax which is spun into the fine thread which forms our linens and cambrics, was once the pretty shrub of that name which you so much admire, as it grows decked with light graceful blue bells.

Yes, mamma, I know all that very

well. And now I think if you would be so good as to wait for me ten minutes I should be able to repeat my verses.

It is almost more than you deserve after having been so idle; but as I like to indulge you as far as I can without doing you harm, I will give you that much longer time to learn them in.

Before the ten minutes were expired, Fanny was ready, and in an easy pretty tone repeated the following simple verses:

Why should I so foolish be,
As to wish for finery,
Since the dress of which I'm proud,
Was once the little silk-worm's shroud.

And as the coat which now I wear,
To guard me from the biting air,
Once clothed the little lambkin's side,
It surely need not raise my pride.

My frocks are soft and fine 'tis true,
Yet once on trees and shrubs they grew,
And do not now look half so well,
As cotton pod and flaxen bell.

Oh! then let me the graces seek,
Of modest virtue, pure and meek;
These will do more my life to bless,
Than all the charms of gayest dress.

And now, said Fanny, I may go to my doll, for I have got all my work done.

Yes, said her mamma, you may now play with it without danger. And I would advise you in future always to learn your lessons before you begin to play with it, for you see how it tempts you to neglect them. But this was a piece of advice which Fanny was not wise enough to attend to. In the morning, instead of letting her doll lie till she had made sure of her lessons, which would have been much the wisest way, she took it up, thinking at first that she would only put on its morning-gown and then lay it by again. But after she had got the morning-gown on, she thought that it looked so much better in its thin frock, that she would put it on;—it would not take her above a mi-

nute or two to do it, and then she would lay it by and get her lessons. But when the thin frock was on, she was as unwilling as ever to lay the doll down; and she made one excuse after another to herself for keeping it still in her hand; and the longer she played with it, the more unwilling she was to lay it by. Oh! said she, sighing at the thought of having to leave this darling plaything; how happy I should be if I had nothing to do from morning till night but play with my doll! How nice it would be!!

Would you rather play with your doll than go to see some stars through a telescope, at night? asked her mother, who came into the room in time to hear what she had said.

I should like better to play with my doll, than do any thing in the world, mamma, answered Fanny.

Suppose I were to give you leave to play with it all day, and not ask you to do any thing whatever besides,—would you not repent before night, think you?

Oh! no, mamma, I am sure I should

not, said Fanny; I should be as happy as happy could be. Will you try me, mamma?

I am very willing to try you, answered her mother: but take warning; if I give you leave, I shall insist upon your keeping to the terms of the bargain. I shall not allow you to do any thing else the whole day but play with her, however tired you may be; and you must sit up and play with her till we come back from looking at the planets.

Oh! that is what I shall delight in above every thing, cried Fanny. To sit up till it is quite dark, and to have nothing to do but to play with my doll all the whole time; oh! how charming it will be!—And will you really let me do it, mamma!

Yes, I will really let you do it; only do not forget that I shall make you keep strictly to the terms. I shall not allow you to do any thing else, or have any other way of amusing yourself.

That is the very thing that I am so pleased at, said Fanny,—not to have

any thing else to do: I only wish you would never ask me to do any thing else till I am tired of my doll. I dare say it would be a great many years before I was tired of it.

And what kind of a woman do you think you would be, Fanny, asked her mother, if you did nothing but play with a doll all your life?

But you know, mamma, I should still have plenty of time to learn other things after that; for I am only a very little girl now.

But the very youngest has little enough time to learn what is useful and proper, said her mother; so that, if they do not make good use of their time, they will find themselves very ignorant when they grow up. But, however, I am not afraid of your spending very many years over this doll; I should not wonder if even before night you began to wish for some other amusement.

Oh! no, I am sure I shall not, said Fanny; I shall need nothing to amuse me but this sweet pretty doll.

I think you are very silly, said her brother, to give up seeing the planets for the sake of playing with that stupid doll.

That is because you do not like dolls, Edward, said Fanny; but you know I do like them, and so would any body like them better than stars that are such a long way off.

But these are not like common stars, said Edward; when they are seen through a glass.

But Edward, interrupted his mother, I cannot allow you to stay and talk to Fanny; if your sister intends to make choice of her doll as a companion for the whole day; she must not have any other.

No, do not come near me, Edward, said Fanny; for I want nothing but my doll to amuse me.

Her mother and brother then left her; and she began with great glee to play with her doll, saying to herself every now and then, "I may play this way all the time till quite dark night."

She went on very well for two or three hours, but at last she began to think it a long time to dinner. When the dinner-bell rang, she felt more willing to lay her doll down than she had ever done before; but she thought it was because she was hungry, and was sure she should like it as well as ever after dinner.

When she went into the dining-room, she saw that her brother looked very earnestly at her, as if he expected to see that she was tired; but she was resolved he should not, so she forced herself to look very gay and lively. She did not, however, feel in the same haste to leave the dinner-table that she had always done since she got her new doll; nay, she even thought Edward was a shorter time over his meal than she had ever known him before, and was quite sorry when she heard him say he would rather not have any more; for she liked better to sit at table with her father and mother and brother, than go back to her doll.

As soon as the cloth was taken away, her mamma said, Now, Fanny, my dear, go to your work again.

Work! mamma, said the little girl; you know it is not work, it is play.

Very well, replied her mother; I am glad you think it so.

But Fanny did not quite think it so, only she did not like any body to know that she began to feel tired, after having said she was so very sure she never should be so. She took up her doll as if it was a task, and almost thought it was less pretty than when she had left it. She had dressed and undressed it so often over, that nothing now was new to her. Still there was nothing for her to do, but to go over the same round of dressing and undressing.

If my doll could but speak, thought she, I should never tire of her; but it is the same thing over again, and one gets tired of looking even at her pretty face when it never changes.

To spend the whole afternoon without any other company, was most tire-

some, and yet she must be forced to do it. She yawned and stretched, laid her doll down, then took it up again; and began to wish for tea-time before dinner had been over an hour. When tea-time came she was almost ready to cry, and felt quite ashamed of being seen; for she could no longer prevent their seeing how tired she was.

I think, Fanny, said Edward, when she went into the parlour, your darling has not been very lively this afternoon, for you look as if you had been almost asleep.

Lively! Edward, said Fanny in a peevish tone, for she was too weary to bear to be joked; how can a doll be lively? You know very well that it can neither talk nor laugh.

But I mean, returned Edward, that it has not made you very lively; and you know you thought you should never be dull when you had it to play with. I am afraid you have never put on the thin muslin frock this afternoon?

I have had every thing on that she

has, said Fanny; and am tired of looking at her in all of them.

But her pretty face, added Edward; you can surely never tire of looking at once it?

Indeed I am tired, replied his sister; I do not think it is so very pretty as I fancied it was.

That is a striking proof, my dear Fanny, said her mother, that beauty is of little value unless there is sense added to it. I hope it will teach you in future to choose your company for their sense, and not their beauty.

Oh! I am sure, said Fanny, I should not care how ugly she was, if she could but hear what I said, and speak to me in return.

When tea was over, Fanny sat—and sat almost hoping that her mamma would not desire her to go back again to her work; for work she now found it to be, and very hard work too. But it was not long before her mother said, You know that you have some hours longer to play yet. Fanny hung down

her head without speaking.—Go, my dear, added her mother, on seeing that the little girl did not offer to move; you know you have not yet finished your task.

I wish you would be so good as to excuse her the rest, mamma, said Edward, who began to feel sorry for his sister.

No, my dear, answered his mother; I cannot excuse any part of the bargain, or else your sister might perhaps forget the lesson that I expect her doll will teach her.

How can a doll teach her any lesson, mamma? asked Edward.

By showing her that a day of mere idlenes is no treat, answered his mother; and letting her know how much sweeter play is when it comes after work. I must therefore have her thoroughly tired, that she may not forget it too soon.

I am thoroughly tired, mamma, said Fanny; and should be very glad to do the hardest lesson, rather than spend any more time with my doll.

I cannot allow you to do any thing else to-night, however, said her mother; so I beg you will go directly to your work. Fanny's eyes filled with tears as she got up from her seat to obey her mother.

May I go with her? asked Edward.

Nay, Edward, said Fanny turning round to her brother with a look of surprise; you know you were tired of the doll long ago.

Yes, but I should be very glad to help you to play with it, for the sake of making it pleasanter to you, for all that, answered Edward.

But I cannot allow you to show your kindness to your sister in this way, my dear boy, said his mother, though I am pleased with you for wishing it. Fanny must go and spend the evening according to her promise, for I cannot allow her to have any other company than that she chose for herself. Poor Fanny left the room as if she was going to something very bad, and took up her doll as if she hated the sight of it. How silly

I was, thought she, to make such a choice. If I had been content to play with my doll only when I had nothing else to do, I might have liked it now as much as ever I did, but now I am so sick of it that I do not think I shall ever be able to bear the sight of it again. I hate to look at it; I think it as ugly a doll as ever I saw; I wonder how I could ever think it pretty. However, I promised mamma that I would play with it, so I must keep my word. Let me see, what must I do? shall I put on her morning gown? Oh no, she does not look well in it. I think I must put on her thin muslin frock, for every body says it is a very beautiful one. But then I have had it on so often to-day that I am quite tired of looking at it. Suppose I put on her thick muslin frock, and her bonnet and spencer. But then I know exactly how she will look before I put them on. No: I think I will just put on her night-clothes, and put her to bed, and then I can rest while I pretend she is sleeping.

This was fixed upon; the doll was undressed and put to bed, but it was no rest to Fanny to have her doll laid down to sleep. She could not do any thing else in the mean time to amuse herself, and she was tired of being idle. Of the two, it was better to change the doll's dress again; so it was taken up, and again had its thin muslin frock put on. At length it got so dusk that she could scarcely see how it looked; and Fanny had comfort in thinking her task would soon be at an end. Bed-time will soon be here, thought she, and when I get up in the morning how glad I shall be to set to work with my lessons. I am sure I shall never think it stupid work again to have lessons to learn. It is not nearly so stupid as playing with a doll all day. It was now almost dark, and she hoped she should soon hear her mother and brother go out to look through the telescope. She listened very anxiously for the sound, because she thought if they were once gone, they would not stay very long, and then

she should be allowed to go to bed, which she wished for as much as if she had done the hardest day's work. At length she heard the hall door open, and she listened in hopes of hearing them go out. She heard her brother's foot, but it seemed as if he was coming towards her;—perhaps he was coming to tell her they were going.

The nursery door opened, and Edward followed by his mother entered. Oh! Fanny, cried he; what a pity it is that you did not go with us; you cannot think what a pretty sight it was.

Have you been then? said Fanny, starting up with glee. Have you been out, and are now come in again?

Yes, answered her brother; we have been out, and have seen a great deal.

Oh! then I may go to bed, cried Fanny, who was so tired that she felt as if bed would be better than any thing else in the world.

But will you not stay to hear more about what we saw? asked Edward.

Oh no, I do not wish to hear about

any thing or see any thing but my bed, said Fanny; for I never was so tired in my life. Here, mamma, added she, be so good as to take my doll and lock it up, that I may never see it again, for I am sure I shall never like to look at it more.

I will take it and put it by for a while, said her mother, that it may be new to you when it comes out again. And I hope, that however new it may be, you will now have more sense than to think it can make up to you for every thing else. Play is always sweetest when it comes after work; and depend upon it, my dear, a life of idleness is always a tiresome one.

Oh, I am sure it is, mamma, said the little girl, yawning and rubbing her eyes. Let me go to bed now to rest me, and I shall never wish to play a whole day again.

THE WREN'S NEST.

JAMES and Edward were one day playing in the garden, beside an old house, which had once been used for the purpose of holding garden tools, but was now very much broken down. On looking into a corner of this house. James saw a round thing, which he had to look at very often before he could make out what it was. At length, to his great surprise and joy, a little bird popped out its head, opening its mouth very wide, as if in want of food. Oh! look here! look here! cried he to his brother; only come, and see what a prize I have got!

Edward came running as fast as he could, when he heard his brother call; but, before he got to him, James had taken out six little unfledged birds, and had put them into his hat.

"What queer looking things they are

(said he, holding them for Edward to look at); I hardly knew what they were at first;—I almost thought they were so many young frogs. Who would think they would ever grow to such pretty little creatures as birds are!"

"Poor things! (said Edward, in a voice of pity, as he saw the little helpless brood flutter their wings, and chirp in a tone of great distress.) How cold and frightened they look;—put them back, James, into their nest, and let us leave them, and then, perhaps, their mother will come, and give them some food."

"Put them back into their nests! (cried James,)—no, indeed! I think I should be a very silly fellow if I did that. I will take them into the house, and put them into a cage upon some nice soft wool, and I am sure they will be a great deal better off with me than they are here."

"But then their mother will not come to them there, you know, (said Edward;) and what can they do without her, poor things!"

"Oh! I shall be much kinder to them than their mother can be, (answered James): you know she has no better place to keep them in than this little nest, which is so small that I wonder how they could all stay in it; but I will give them a large open cage, and plenty of nice soft wool for them to lie upon; and they shall have nice sopped bread,—and I will feed them so well, that they shall not need to open their mouths, and cry for food, as they do now."

"But I dare say they would rather stay with their mother, (returned Edward); I am almost sure, if they could speak, they would ask to be put into their nest again."

"Then they do not know what is good for them, (said James.) You know they never were out of this nest before, so that they know nothing about the nice things that there are in other places. Poor little silly birds, (added he, holding his head over the hat in which the little helpless brood were,) you do not

know what is good for you : my mother often tells me I am too young to know what is best for me, and that I ought to trust to her, who is so much older ; and you must do the same, little birds, and trust to me,—for I am a great deal older and wiser than you."

" I have often heard mamma say, that it is very cruel to rob a bird's nest, (said Edward ;) and I am sure she would be very angry if she knew that you had done so."

" Yes, if I meant to treat them ill, I know very well she would be angry, (answered James ;) but I intend to be kind to them, and take a great deal of care of them,—more care than their mother has it in her power to take ; for you know she is only a little helpless bird, and I am a boy, and can do a great deal more for them than she can. You shall see, Edward, how happy I will make them."

As James was thus talking, he moved forward to the house, whilst Edward followed with a look of great concern,—for he felt very sure that the little birds

would be much better in their own snug nests, with their kind mother to feed them, and keep them warm, than with all the nice things which James had to give them.

As they entered the house, they were met by Susan, the servant, who cried out, the moment she saw what James had got in his hat,—"Oh! master James, what have you brought these poor little birds out of their nest for? I am sure your mamma will be very angry when she comes home to-morrow, and sees them."

"Mamma will not be angry at all at my being kind to either birds or any thing else, (answered James;) for she likes us to be kind to all animals."

"But it is not the way to be kind to them, to take them out of their nest, and bring them away from their mother, (said Susan.) How are they to be fed and kept warm, do you think, without her?"

"I will feed them and keep them warm, (said James, going in great haste

to a very handsome cage, which his mamma had given him leave to call his own.) Mamma gave me this cage, and said I should, perhaps, have a bird some day to put into it; and she will be very glad, when she comes home, to find I have got no less than six.

James then asked Susan to give him some wool, to make a bed for them, which she did; though she told him, at the same time, that he might depend upon it, they would not be so easy in it as he fancied: but James thought he knew better than she did and he was quite pleased to think how warm and snug they would be. He then got some bread, and poured some water over it to make it soft; and, as the poor little birds were now very hungry, and often opened their mouths as wide as they could, he had no doubt but he should be able to feed them very easily: but he soon found his mistake; for, the moment he put the bread into their mouths, they shook their little heads, and flirted it out again. James was sadly

grieved at this, and tried and tried a long time to get them to swallow some, but in vain,—the bread came out again as fast as it was put in.

"Perhaps, (said Edward,) bread is not the kind of food they like; I have heard mamma say, that birds feed their young with worms."

"Oh! yes, (said James,) so they do, I know that, in the poem of the Robin, it says,—

'For food for their young ones, they fly to the soil
Just disturbed by the plough or the spade.'

So I will go and get my spade, and dig some worms for them. I am glad you thought of that, Edward; we shall do very well now. They shall have plenty of worms,—far more than their mother could have got, for you know she has no spade to dig with."

"But she has long talons, (said Edward,) to scratch up the earth, and a beak to pick the worms up with."

"But she cannot do half so well as

I can with my two hands and my spade: and that you shall see."

Away went James, as he said this, into the garden, and, getting his spade, he began to dig with all his might. It was not long before he got a great number of large worms, with which he made haste into the house.

"Now, (said he, to his brother, holding the basin in which the great worms were crawling one over another;) how long do you think the old bird might have scratched about before she had got half so many worms? The poor little birds might have gaped till they were weary, before they could have got such a supper as I have brought them."

"They seem weary already, (returned Edward,) for they neither chirp so loud, nor open their mouths so wide, as they did."

"No wonder (said James,) if they are weary and faint, as they have had so long to wait for their suppers; but it was only because I did not know the right kind of food to give them: however, it shall all be made up now."

James felt a great deal of pain, however, to think that he must be forced to cut the worms into small pieces, before there could be any chance that the birds could swallow them. For James was not a cruel boy, and did not wish to give pain, if he could help it, to any thing in the world. "But, (said he, after standing and thinking about it for some time,) it must be done, for my birds must be fed."

"I do not think that this can be the right food still, (said Edward;) for you know it would not do for them always to have to be fed with what needs to be cut in pieces; as you know their mother has no knife to cut with."

"Well, never mind, (said James;) I have one, you know, and that is enough." And, as he spoke, he cut a piece off one of the worms, and then turned aside his head as soon as he had done it, for he could not bear to see it writhe about with pain.

The piece of worm was then put in one of the gaping mouths of the poor

little hungry birds. But, though it could not shake it out so easily as it had done the bread, it was quite as little inclined to swallow it; but, at length, after working on with it a long time, as if ready to choke, it was put out again. Piece after piece was tried upon one bird after another, with no better success; till, at last, James began to think they were not so hungry as he had fancied, and gave over trying to feed them.

But there was another thing which gave him a great deal of trouble: he found that their long sharp talons kept catching at the wool on which they lay, and, as they fluttered about, their legs got fast in it, so that he was often afraid they would be broken.

"Silly things! (said James, almost crying.) They will not be happy when they may: I wish I could make them wiser."

"I wish you were wiser yourself, (said Susan;) and then you would not imagine you could do better for them than their mother could have done. But

you must leave them to themselves to-night, for it is time now for you to go to bed."

James was very sorry to leave his birds before they had got any supper, but he knew he must go to bed when Susan said it was time; and he hoped they would be so hungry in the morning that they would be willing to eat any thing that was put into their mouths. So he went to bed, hoping to enjoy great pleasure in feeding them in the morning; and made his mind up not to taste a bite of breakfast himself till they were fed.

"Oh! how nice it will be to feed them, (said he to his brother, as they were taking off their clothes to go to bed.) What pleasure I shall have in putting meat into their little mouths whenever they gape and cry for it; and, I am sure, when they learn to know me, and find how nicely I feed them, they must be a great deal happier with me than they were when all stuffed into that little nest together."

"I rather think (replied Edward,) they would like a great deal better to be with their mother. I have often heard mamma say, that Nature has taught birds to build their nests and take care of their young better than any body could do it for them, and that it was very cruel to deprive them of the pleasure."

"Oh! that is nonsense, (replied James.) Who will say that I cannot take better care of any thing than a little useless bird can do? You will see how fast they will grow, when they are so well fed and kept so warm. Besides, who knows, Edward, but they may turn out to be pretty singing birds, and then I am sure you will thank me for keeping them; you will be glad then that I was not so silly as to let you persuade me to put them into the nest again, for you will like very well to hear them sing, I dare say."

"I had rather hear them sing amongst the trees than in a cage, (said Edward;) for I know they would like it better themselves."

"Oh! if they like the trees better, (answered his brother,) they shall enjoy them. When they are all covered over with feathers, and able to fly about, I will open the cage-door, and let them go away into the fields, if they choose. But, I should not wonder if they liked their cage so well as to come back to it again when it began to grow dark. And, oh! how glad I shall be to see them."

James kept talking on in this way till his brother was fast asleep. He soon after fell asleep himself, and dreamt all night about feeding his birds and teaching them to fly.

When he awoke in the morning, he got up in a great hurry, to see how they were going on. But, alas! a great grief awaited him: the poor little birds had struggled and fluttered to relieve themselves from the wool which had got twisted round their bodies, till fatigue and hunger had been too much for them, and all but one lay quite dead. The one that was yet alive,

was even more painful to look at than if it had been quite dead, for one of its legs was pulled out of joint by its having struggled so hard to get clear of the wool; and it lay gasping, as if just ready to expire.

"Oh! dear, (cried James, as he went to the cage;) who has killed all my birds? Who could be so cruel as to hurt such little harmless things?"

"Nobody has been so cruel to them as yourself, (answered Susan, who came into the room at that moment with breakfast.) You were cruel in bringing them away from their mother, and out of their own snug nest."

"I wish I had not brought them away, (said James, the tears starting into his eyes, as he took one lifeless little bird after another out of the cage.) But I am sure I did not mean to be cruel to them; I wished to make them happy."

"But you know, Master James, (added Susan,) you ought to have taken your brother's advice and mine, for we

told you that they would be better off with their mother."

"But I thought I knew better than either of you, (answered James, in a very humble tone.) This one is not quite dead, however, (added he;) I will go and take it back to its nest this minute, and perhaps its mother will be able to nurse it, and make it well again."

James took the poor little bird up as gently as he could, and laid it in his hat crown; yet still, though he was, as he thought, very gentle over it, he was grieved to see that it suffered a great deal of pain. It gave a little feeble chirp, as if it had not strength to do more; and tried to flutter its wings, but it was scarcely able to move them. James looked at it in great sorrow, and, holding his hat as still as he could, and walking very slowly, he went into the garden, followed by his brother, who was scarcely less grieved than himself. Whilst they were some paces off the tool-house, where the nest was,

they were struck with the cry of a bird, as if in great distress.

"Somebody has been hurting another bird, (said James, raising his eyes from the little sufferer he held in his hand.) That bird cries as if it was in great pain; I wonder what has been done to it? Do you see it, Edward?"

"There it is, (replied Edward;) it has just flown out of the hole, where the nest is; and it gave that mournful cry as it came out."

Whilst Edward was speaking, the bird again flew into the hole, and again came out with the same cry of distress. "I know now what is the matter with it, (cried James;) it is the poor mother, and I have made her unhappy, as well as killed her young ones; but, here is one of your little ones again, poor bird, (added he, in a tender voice;) I hope it will comfort you to get one of them again; and that you will be able to nurse it, and make it better." James looked into his hat-crown as he spoke, and had raised his hand to take the bird

out; but, alas! it was too late—the little sufferer was dead. "Oh! I have killed them all, (cried he, sitting down on a seat near him, and bursting into a flood of tears,) I have killed them all, and I must now hear their poor mother mourn over them, without being able to give her any comfort.

The bird now perched upon a branch of a tree, just over James's head, and began to warble a soft, but mournful note. James felt as if it was come to tell its wants to him, and accuse him of being the cause of them, and he wept more than ever.

Edward stood by, looking, with tears in his eyes, first at his brother, and then at the mourning bird, with tender concern.

At this moment, they heard the sound of footsteps, and, turning to see who was coming, they found it was their mamma, who was then very near them, James, ashamed to look at her, hid his face with his hands; but Edward, wishing to save his brother as much as

he could from blame, went forward to meet her, and said, in an earnest tone, "Indeed, mamma, James did not mean to be cruel to the poor birds; he thought he should be able to make them more happy than their mother could, or else he would not have taken them from her."

"I do not mean to be angry with James this time, (replied his mother,) for I know he is not a cruel boy; so that I am sure he must have had pain enough from seeing the distress he has caused, for it to be a lesson for him in future, to prevent his ever robbing another bird of its young."

"Oh! yes, I am sure it will, mamma, (said the sobbing boy;) I will never take another bird from its mother; but I thought they would be better in a cage than in that little nest."

"You were a very silly little fellow for thinking so. How would you like any body to take you away from me, and say I could not make you so happy as they could do?"

"But, mamma, you are not such a mother as they had; you are a great deal bigger and wiser than a little bird."

"My dear James, (said his mamma,) you know I have often told you that both you and I, and every thing in the whole world, were made by a very great and good being, who knows exactly what is best for each of us; nothing is beyond His power to do, and He has taught even little birds to be able to take care of their young, better than the wisest man or woman could do for them; and, I assure you, no cage is half so pleasant to the little things as their own snug nest."

"But I thought it was so very little, mamma, (said James,) to hold so many of them, that I was afraid they would hurt themselves with knocking against the sides."

"I will take the nest out, and let you look at it, (answered his mother;) and you will then see how much care their mother has taken to prevent their being hurt."

As his mother was going towards the nest, Edward said, "Oh! it is a pity, mamma, to take the nest away; it will only distress the poor bird more than ever."

"No, my dear, (replied his mamma,) it will not distress the bird any more to have its nest taken away. This bird is called a wren, and all wrens forsake their nests as soon as ever they know they have been found out, from the fear, no doubt, of being robbed of their young."

"And they may well be afraid, (said Edward,) when they sometimes lose all their brood, as this poor bird has done."

"I hope, however, it will soon forget its griefs, (said his mother,) and set to work to make another nest; for wrens have young ones two or three times during the summer. To prevent any body finding out where their nests are, they always contrive to make the outsides of them very like the places they are built upon: you see this nest is built in a snug corner of an old wall, and

the outside is covered over with moss, so as to look very like the wall itself. Now, put your finger into this hole, and feel the inside, James," added she, holding the nest towards him.

James did as he was bid. "It is as soft as down, (said he, feeling all round it as he spoke,) I never felt any thing so nice and warm."

"You see, my dear, (replied his mother,) what wisdom the little bird has shown, and what care it has taken that its young ones should not be hurt. These are all nice soft downy feathers, with which it is lined, placed with as much neatness, as if it had both hands and work tools to fasten them with."

"Oh! how neat and pretty it is, (cried James:) if I had but stopped to look how nicely the nest was made, I do not think I should ever have taken the birds away."

"I hope you would not, (said his mamma.) Indeed, I think, if all little boys, when they find a bird's nest, would look at the pains the little creature that

built it must have taken to provide for its tender young, they would, surely, never be so cruel as to rob it.

"But still, mamma, (added James,) I cannot think what was the reason the birds would not eat the worms I got for them."

"They had not been the kind that Nature meant them to feed upon, (answered his mother;) you did not know what kind to choose for them, but their mother did. She goes and picks small insects out of the holes in the bark of trees, or sometimes she catches them as they fly past her in the air. The seeds of plants too she often feeds them with, and never offers them any thing but the very smallest worms. She is taught by Nature to know what is best for them, and takes care never to give any thing but what is proper. It is the same with every kind of bird whatever; and they are foolish children who fancy they can do better for the little birds than their mothers; and cruel and naughty ones, indeed, who take away either the eggs

or the young, merely out of mischief."

"They are, indeed, (said James,) and I am sure I will never do so again, if I were to find twenty nests."

"Besides, (added his mother,) for our own good we should allow these little birds to live in our gardens; since many of the insects which they feed upon are such as would destroy our fruit blossoms, if they were allowed to live: so that you see, James, besides being cruel, it is very foolish to hurt these little birds."

"Oh! look, mamma, (cried James,) the wren flew away very soon after you came, but now it is come again, and is sitting upon that cherry-tree, telling its mournful tale over again."

"You must not fancy, however, my dear, that it is telling its griefs to you, whenever you hear it sing in that way, for that is its natural note. The wren has a very soft warbling way of singing; and, on that account, and because it often sings in the evening after all the

other birds are gone to sleep, it is sometimes called the English Nightingale. You know, I dare say, that the nightingale chooses the time when all other birds are silent, to begin her song."

"Yes, I have heard about that bird, (said Edward,) that sings when it is dark night, and I should like very much to hear it."

"There are not many of them in this country, (answered his mamma,) it is not quite warm enough for them. In the south of England, however, they are often to be heard; but, as we are too far north for them here, we must be content with our little English nightingale instead."

"You mean the wren, mamma, (said James,) but I am sure I never wish to hear it again, for it will always put me in mind of having been so foolish and naughty."

"It ought rather, my dear boy, (said his mamma,) to remind you of having learnt a useful lesson, and of having got more sense than to fancy that little birds

would be happier in a cage than in the open air : and, as you are sorry for your fault, and have had the good sense to own it, I think, my dear little James, you may listen to the song of the wren without being ashamed."

"But, mamma, (asked Edward, after standing for some time in deep thought,) is every body cruel who keep birds in cages ?"

"No, my dear, (answered his mother,) it would be cruel to send some birds into the fields ; those which come from hot climates would very soon die, if sent to provide for themselves in our fields and woods ;—they could not bear all the cold and wet they would meet with."

"Do not you think it would be better to let them stay in their own country, then, mamma, ?" said Edward.

"It would, no doubt, be kinder to them to do so, (answered his mamma;) but you know, Edward, if none of them were ever brought from their own country, we should never have the pleasure

of seeing what handsome birds Nature has made; for those that we have in England have not half such rich plumage as the foreign birds have."

"Then we are not so well off for birds as they are in those countries," said James.

"Yes, I think we are much better off, (replied his mamma;) for, though our birds have not such fine feathers, they have much sweeter voices; for very few of those handsome birds can sing at all."

"Oh! then, I am sure I would not change with them, (said Edward.) One would soon tire of looking at fine feathers; but I think I should never tire of listening to that pretty little bird, as it sits warbling upon that cherry-tree."

"And, what makes the song of the wren of still more value, is, that it sings more constantly throughout the year than any other bird: it will often sing during a fall of snow."

"I should like it as well as the robin, (said Edward,) if it were as sociable,

and would come to our windows in the winter, as the robin does."

"Pretty thing! how glad I am to hear it sing again, (said James.) Sing on, sweet bird; and never, never again, will I do any thing to change that sweet warble into a tone of sorrow."

THE GREEDY BOY.

WILLIAM and Richard were asked to spend the Christmas week with their uncle and aunt, and they wished very much for their mamma to give them leave to go. William had a great desire to pay the visit, because his uncle had told him he would teach them to skate, and would buy them each a pair of new skates for the purpose. His uncle had a nice large pond in his grounds, and William knew that his mamma would not be afraid to trust them on the ice when their uncle was there to take care of them, so that he was sure they would have very pleasant sport. Richard thought of its being Christmas time, and he knew his aunt would have a great many nice things for them to eat; and poor Richard liked eating better than any thing else. He dwelt upon the idea of the tarts and mince-pies

till his mouth quite watered, and he longed to hear his mother say they might go. They were so uneasy to know whether she meant to send them, that they agreed to go to her together and ask her about it.

When they did so, she told them that she believed she must be forced to send William alone, as she was afraid to trust Richard so much to himself. You know Richard, said she to her youngest son, I have never yet trusted you out of my sight without your giving me reason afterwards to repent it. I am afraid to let you go from home till you are wise enough to know that gluttons not only give disgust to every body that has any thing to do with them, but are sure also to punish themselves; for gluttony always causes illness.

But you know, mamma, said William, the last time Richard ate too much he was very ill indeed; so that I dare say he will be more careful in future.

What do you say to that, Richard? asked his mother. Dare you say the same for yourself.

Yes indeed, mamma, I will take care not to eat again till I am sick; for I do not like to be ill, and to have to take so much nasty physic to make me better.

If I thought I might trust you, Richard, said his mother, you should certainly go, for I am always glad to give you pleasure.

Try him, mamma; do try him, said William; for I should not like to go and leave Richard at home: it would not be half so nice for either of us.

Then I must send a letter to your aunt to beg her that she will not give him any more sweet things than she thinks it good for him to have, replied his mother; for I dare not trust to his own prudence.

Mamma, said William, I wish you would say in your letter that she must not give either of us too many good things, and then my aunt will not know that you are more afraid of Richard than of me.

William's mamma was very much pleased with him for being so kind to

his brother as not to wish their uncle and aunt to know that he was a glutton; and she said, I hope, Richard, as your brother is so good as not to wish your fault to be known, you will take care also to conceal it yourself. You know how much I allow you when you are at home, and I hope you will take care not to eat any more when you are absent, even though your aunt were to urge you to do so. Richard promised. The letter was written in the way that William wished it; and the little boys were sent off.

They were received with great kindness by their uncle and aunt, who, though they had no little boys or girls of their own, were very fond of children and took great pains to make them happy.

It was a fine clear frosty morning on which they got there, and William longed to hear his uncle say something about the skates. Every time he saw that he was going to speak he hoped it would be about them. At last his uncle said,

I am afraid you are both too much tired after your long walk to be able to skate any to-day.

Oh, no! uncle, said William, starting up with great glee, we are not at all tired; we should like very much indeed to go and skate.

And what do you say, Richard? said his uncle. Are you ready for a little more exercise?

Richard said he was. But if he had told what he really wished most for, he would rather have chosen the exercise of eating some of the nice pies which he smelt when the parlour door was opened, and the warm air from the oven in the kitchen came towards them. But their aunt only gave them each a couple of biscuits, and said the dinner should be ready for them by the time they came back.

The pond on which they went to skate was a very large one; and as the water under the ice was not at all deep, their uncle was not afraid to let them go upon it as much as they liked; for

he knew that were the ice even to break, the worst that could happen would be their getting their feet wet. As they had never tried to skate before, they got many a tumble; but they did not mind that, for they were neither of them cowards.

At length the sound of the dinner-bell called them again into the house. William was very sorry to leave of skating, for he was just beginning to be able to balance himself on one foot for a minute or two, and scud along a short way on the ice; but his uncle told him he should come back again the next morning if the frost should continue, which made him more content to return home.

Richard liked skating very well, but he liked eating much better; and the moment he thought of the dinner being ready, he was eager to make all the haste he could back to the house. He ran without ever looking behind him as fast as he could; and when he got into the dining-room he placed himself at the table though nobody was yet in

the room but himself. It was some minutes before he was joined by any of the rest; and he sat looking at the dishes on the table and listening for their coming, till he was almost out of patience. They did come however at last, and Richard was soon helped to some very nice roast beef. But he did not like this half so well as the pies which came after; and when he had been helped twice with them, he sat waiting and wishing for his aunt to ask him to have more. But he waited and wished in vain: there was not a word said about his being helped again; and as soon as the others had done, the things were ordered off the table.

Richard felt for a minute or two almost ready to cry, when he saw the pies which he would have been so glad to eat, handed away without his knowing whether he should ever see them again. A plate of very fine apples was brought in just in time to prevent the tears rising to his eyes; and as he was helped again and again to them, his spirits rose and

he almost forgot that he wished for the pies.

After the apples had been handed twice round the table, there was still an odd one left, and their uncle told them it should be given to the one who could take the longest jump out of twenty. This served to amuse them for a long time, but the apple was at length declared to be William's.

As soon as it was given to him he took a knife, and cutting it in two gave his brother by much the larger half. By this means Richard was saved the disgrace of showing a tear: and as there was nothing else placed before them the rest of the evening that was very tempting, bed-time came and found him quite well and in very good spirits.

Now, said he, when they had got into their bed-room and had begun to undress, I think mamma does not need to be afraid of trusting me from home now. I do not always make myself ill when I am away from her: I am quite well to-night, as well as ever I can be, for all we had such nice pies to dinner.

Richard did not, however, consider that he might not perhaps have been quite so well if he had been allowed to eat as much as he liked himself; and that he ought, instead of giving himself credit, have only thanked his aunt for taking so much care of him. But he never thought of that, and William was too much afraid of giving him pain to remind him; so he went to bed as well pleased with himself as if the merit had been all his own.

The next morning as soon as William awoke he thought of his uncle's promise, of taking them again that day to skate; and he got up to look out of the window, to see what kind of morning it was. But it was no skating weather; the frost had given way, and a heavy shower of snow and rain was beating against the windows, whilst the wind was howling, and the sky looked very dark and frowning. William felt very sorry to think he should not be able to go out to skate: but he was a very happy-tempered boy, and he soon comforted

himself with the thought that his uncle and aunt would be sure to find some way or other to amuse them in the house.

When Richard opened his eyes, he soon heard the news of its being a bad morning. But however, added William, I dare say my uncle and aunt will find some way or other to amuse us, for they are very kind.

Yes, that they will, I am sure, said Richard. Perhaps my aunt may give us some of those nice apples to eat; or I should not wonder if she were to get some nuts for us to crack:—it is nice fun cracking nuts.

I rather think, said William, they will find out some games for us to play at, or something of that kind.

But what games could we play at, when there are only two of us? asked his brother. No, I do not think that will be it, at any rate.

Well, let us get up and try, said William. And up they both jumped, and were soon dressed and in the breakfast-parlour.

This will be no day for skating, William, said his uncle as he came into the room soon after them : we must try to content ourselves within doors to-day.

Oh! I dare say we shall be able to make ourselves very happy in the house, answered William; and perhaps to morrow may be finer. If it should get frosty again after this wet, the whole garden will be ice I think, and then we shall have rare fun.

That is right, my little man, said his uncle, clapping William's head; I am glad to see you so ready to make the best of it.—And how do you think we must manage to amuse ourselves, Richard? added their uncle, turning to his youngest nephew, who had by this time got himself placed at the breakfast-table, and was eating bread and butter as fast as he could.

I think, answered Richard, after breakfast is over it would be very well if we could fall asleep, and sleep till dinner-time.

Nay, replied his uncle, if sleeping

were the best thing, we might as well wish to be able to sleep the whole winter through at once, as the little dormice do.

Are they able to sleep all the winter? asked William.

Yes, answered his uncle; as soon as the cold weather begins, they become drowsy, and set about finding a snug place to lie down in, where they sleep soundly till the cold winter is over. Then they rouse themselves up and enjoy the fine weather again.

And do they never eat any thing all that time? asked Richard.

No, replied his uncle, they have no need to eat; for sleep serves them instead of food. So that you see if you could manage to take such a nap as they do, you would be saved the trouble of breakfasts, and dinners, and suppers.

Oh, but I should not like to be cheated out of them, said Richard, helping himself as he spoke to another large slice of bread-and-butter; for I like eating far better than sleeping.

But I wonder the little dormice do not sleep themselves to death, uncle, said William; I thought no animals could live so long a time without food?

As their frames are not able to bear the cold, answered his uncle, Nature has given them a way of saving themselves from it. They eat during the summer till they are very fat; and this fat serves to support their bodies whilst they are taking their long nap. It is the same with all torpid animals,—that means, all animals whose nature it is to sleep during the winter.

Are there other animals then, asked William, besides dormice, which take such long sleeps?

Yes, many, replied his uncle; both beasts, insects, and birds. You may often find flies lying about the house in the winter as if they were dead; yet if you were to bring them to the fire and keep them warm, you would almost always find that they would soon begin to revive.

Dear me! said William, I should like

to try them. The first fly I find lying in a cold place I will bring it to the fire and see if it will come alive again.

You may do so once, said his uncle, to convince yourself that it is so; but I would not advise you to make a practice of it, for I have no doubt it gives the poor little creatures a great deal of pain.

I never feel pain from being roused from sleep, said William.

But their sleep is more than mere rest, returned his uncle; they can scarcely for the time be said to be alive. I dare say you have not forgotten once giving your elbow a severe blow which made you faint, and that you felt a great deal of pain when your blood began to run through your veins again; for it was the stopping of the blood which made you seem for a time as if you were dead. Now I have no doubt but the little flies and all other torpid animals feel much in the same way when they first awake. You have heard the little ants often spoken of for being so prudent as to lay up food in the summer to serve them dur-

ing the cold of winter. This was thought to be the case because they kept themselves so close in their nests whilst the cold weather lasted; but I rather think the truth of the matter is, that they fall asleep when it comes on.

Ah! the little rogues, cried William, laughing; they have the credit of being so wise and prudent, and they are nothing but sluggards after all.

They must not be called sluggards, however, returned his uncle, when they are as active and diligent as they can be as long as they are able to work. It is only those who are able to work and will not do it, but spend their time in lounging about and sleeping, who ought to be called sluggards. If you ever saw a set of little ants turned out of their nest, and watched them running so nimbly about, and taking so much trouble to get the little white bags which contain their young put safely into the nest again; you would be sure that the ants have not gained their good name for nothing. Those busy little crea-

tures, the bees and wasps, which, if possible, are more clever still, all sleep during the winter. The swallows too, that build their nests in our spouts and under the tiles of our houses, are believed by many people to hide themselves in snug corners, and take a nap till the cold winter is over. Some people think that swallows avoid the cold weather by flying away into warmer countries as soon as it begins to come on, and I am inclined to think that many of them do so.

I once heard papa tell about a number of swallows which settled upon a ship's deck when it was many hundred miles from land, said William.

Yes, replied his uncle, many such things have happened; so that I think there can be no doubt that they do go abroad in search of warm weather. A great many swallows, however, have often been found together quite in a torpid state, hid in very snug places; so that there can be as little doubt that they sometimes sleep away the winter.

At any rate, whichever is the most common way for them to take care of themselves, we are sure that they are not able to bear the cold of our winters, and that Nature has taught them the way to escape it.

I learnt some poetry lately, said William, called 'The Piedmontese and his Marmot;' and it says:

"They carelessly slept, till the cold winter blast,
And the hail, and the deep drifting snow shower was past."

Is that because the marmot is another of the animals which sleep during the winter, uncle? asked William.

It is, replied his uncle. A Piedmontese means a man who belongs to the place called Piedmont, which is at the foot of those high mountains that lie between the countries of France and Italy. These mountains are called the Alps, and are the highest in Europe. As marmots live on the tops of mountains, there are of course a great many on the

Alps; so that we are to suppose the poor Piedmontese got his marmot thence. Miss Aikin, who wrote the pretty little poem you learnt, has given a very lively picture of this little playful animal. It has long sharp feet, with which it digs its dwelling under ground, and then lines it with moss and hay. It delights in basking in the sun, and as long as the warmth continues it frolics about in the most lively and playful manner; but as soon as the rays of the sun begin to be less warm and cheering he flies to his hole, and curling himself up he takes a good sound sleep till April or May comes again. He then rouses himself up, and sets off once more to enjoy the pleasures of life.—But our breakfast has been over some time, and here is Richard waiting till we give over talking, that he may take his nap.

Oh, no! said Richard, I should not wish to sleep, even if I could, whilst I have so many nice things to listen to, as those you have been telling us.

But I cannot talk to you any longer at

present, said his uncle: I have some letters to write; and whilst I am busy with them I will give you each this little poem to learn, that your aunt has just written for you; and I will make a bargain that whichever repeats it the best, shall have a shilling to give to the first person that comes to the door to beg.

But suppose we both say it alike? uncle, said William.

In that case it must be divided between you, and you will each of you have the pleasure of thinking that you have worked for the poor this morning, and perhaps kept somebody from starving. This will keep you employed whilst I am writing my letters; and when they are done we will try if we cannot find some way of giving ourselves a little exercise.

The little boys both set to work to learn the poem, and each thought he had learnt is very well. But William's mind had run too much upon the idea of his uncle's coming back to play with them, to do justice to his poetry.

As soon as he heard his uncle, the paper was thrown down, and he stood quite ready to join in any thing his uncle might propose. His uncle came in with battledoors and shuttlecocks in his hand, and they were soon engaged in a very warm game.

After dinner the little boys were called upon to repeat their poetry. William got very badly through his, for he had never given his mind to learning it; but Richard repeated the following lines without missing a word:

Though winter is come with its cold icy breath,
And has put all the flowers of our gardens to death,
Though the wind whistles loud, and the hail and snow beat,
And the water is bound in a smooth glassy sheet—
Yet with a snug shelter and thick warm attire,
With plenty of food and a bright blazing fire,
But few of the hardships of winter we know,

And feel but slight pain from the frost and
the snow.
But then let us think of what those must
endure,
Who wander abroad, weak, and helpless,
and poor.
Who weary and cold seek in vain for a shed,
And beg at the door for a morsel of bread.
Perhaps even now some poor child wan-
ders nigh,
That is even as young and as helpless as I,
Who sad and forlorn not a shelter can find,
Though it once had a home and a mother
most kind.
Oh! if such an one e'er should come to
our door,
And a morsel of bread in soft accents im-
plore,
With it my best meal I with pleasure would
share,
And make it rejoice in our good Christmas
fare:
Then though all around the cold winter
winds blew,
My breast to sweet pity and kindness still
true,
Midst the cold frosts of winter would feel
such a glow,
As a hard cruel heart at no season can
know.

Very well done, Richard, said his uncle. You have done your aunt's lines great justice, and I hope you will make some poor person very happy with the shilling you have earned.

Oh, yes! that I shall, said Richard; I think it will be a very nice thing for them. I wonder what kind of a beggar it will be that comes first. I hope it will be somebody that is in great need of money, and then this will do them a great deal of good. They will have reason to rejoice that it was a bad day to day, and we could not go out to skate.

At this moment the sound of a fiddle was heard at the door, and a man's voice singing a very doleful ditty. There is a person for your money at once, Richard, said his aunt; and I believe you need not wish for a greater object than this poor blind man and his half-starved little grand-daughter.

I will go and give it to him this minute, said Richard, running out of the room as he spoke.

William was half-way across the floor

to go after his brother; but when he began to think that he had nothing to give them, he turned about and sat down again on his seat. Richard went to the door with the full intention of giving the poor man the shilling; but it was most unhappy for Richard's virtue, that a man with a large box of sweetmeats appeared at the same moment on the step, and lifting up the lid of the box placed the tempting contents before the little boy's eyes. This was too much to be withstood by any one that was as fond of eating as this little greedy boy had ever been. He looked at the sweetmeats, then at the money in his hand; and then he turned round to see if any body was in the way. There was no one near to see him; and though the poor old blind man ceased playing, and taking off his hat begged for pity's sake that he would give them a bite of bread, for they were both almost starving; and the little girl shivering and half naked, looked at Richard the picture of distress, this cruel boy did not care for either of

them. He told the poor beggar that he had nothing for him; and turning to the man with the sweetmeats asked for a shilling's worth. As soon as he got them he made all the haste he could into his own room, and devoured them so greedily that they were all eaten up in a very short time.

As the old man went past the dining-room window, William looked at him to see if he did not seem very happy at having got so much money; but the man held down his head, so that William could not see his face; but he fancied he saw the little girl wipe a tear from her eye, and he wondered very much what she could be crying for. He thought it might be because she was pinched with the cold, and he was sorry he had not asked his aunt to let them go into the kitchen to warm themselves. His aunt was sorry too when he spoke of it to her; but she said it was pleasant to think that they at least had some money to buy food with, and she hoped the next house they went to, the people

would be still kinder to them than they had been, and would warm as well as feed them.

William wondered why Richard was so long in coming into the room again after he had sent the old man away, and at last he thought he would go and see what he was doing. Just as he got to the parlour door, however, Richard came in; and when William asked him what he had been about so long, he stammered and blushed, and looked as if he could not tell what to say. William was a little boy that never liked to give pain to any one; so that when he saw that his brother did not like him to ask the question, he did not repeat it.

Now, Richard, said his uncle, I think you may be very glad that you did not sleep from breakfast to dinner; for if you had, you would not have had the pleasure of serving these poor people.—Richard again blushed, and looked as if he did not know what to say; and his uncle thought that it was because he felt ashamed at being praised; so he be-

gan to talk of something else. He told them that he had invited some little boys to come and spend the next day with them, and that he meant to treat them in the evening with letting them see a magic lantern.

The boys were both very much pleased with this, and talked a great deal about the pleasure they should have. In the evening, however, Richard was observed to look very pale, and on his aunt's asking him what was the matter, he was forced to own that his head ached, and he did not feel very well.

His aunt thought it would be the best way for him to go to bed very early, when she hoped a night's sleep would make him quite well again. The good-natured William thought his brother would not like to go to bed unless he went too, so he offered to go with him; and did all he could whilst they were preparing for bed to amuse him and keep up his spirits.

Do not be afraid, Richard, said he, that mamma will be angry, and say you

have been acting the glutton ; for you know we all can tell her that you have not. And I am sure she will be very much pleased with you for taking pains to earn the shilling, just for the sake of giving it to a poor beggar. She will not be afraid again I think to let you have money ; she used to be afraid you would buy things to eat with it, but she will find now that you can give it to buy food for others. How happy the poor man would be when he got the shilling! I dare say he did not expect so much by a great deal.

Richard said nothing to all this, for he knew very well he had been even worse than a glutton—he had been a cruel unfeeling boy. He had not only eaten more than was good for him, but he had robbed the poor of what was their right, for the purpose of spending it in sweetmeats. He lay down in bed, but he was unable to sleep ; his head ached, and he felt very sick and ill. William was asleep in a very few minutes, for he was quite well and happy.

After tumbling and tossing about for several hours, Richard grew so much worse that he was forced to awaken William, and beg that he would call their aunt. As soon as his aunt came, she ordered a strong dose of camomile tea for him to drink; but though Richard was so fond of swallowing good things, he could not bear nasty ones: and his uncle and aunt had both to stand over him, and insist upon his drinking it before he could prevail upon himself to do so.

Many a time did he wish that he had given the poor man the shilling; but it was now too late to repent: and there was nothing for him to do but to bear the illness which he had brought upon himself as well as he could. One comfort is, thought he, as he rolled his aching head upon the pillow, nobody knows what it is that has made me so ill. Oh! I would not for the world that it should be found out, for nobody would ever love me again. If I had but given the shilling to the poor man, that

poor little hungry girl would have got a good dinner, and I might now have been well and happy.

As he lay turning these things over in his mind, Richard thought it never would be morning; yet when it came, he was no better off. His head ached so that he could scarcely bear to hold it off the pillow, and he was besides very sick. At length he became a little better, and thought he would get up.

William, who had kept very closely by him all the morning, was just gone down stairs, and Richard thought he would follow him. When he got into the breakfast-room, he found it empty; but he soon noticed a bottle standing on the table, with something in it that looked very clear and beautiful. It was bright yellow, and looked so rich and nice that Richard felt quite tempted to taste it. I dare say it is something that my aunt is going to treat William with, thought he; but I will have a taste first. It looks so nice that I should not wonder if it made me quite well again.

He then put the bottle to his mouth, and held it there for some time; for the liquid was so thick that it came down the sides of the bottle very slowly. But this Richard did not mind, as he thought it was only because it was a rich syrup. When it did come, however, it came in a good mouthful at once. But the moment he tasted it he started, and thought he must be forced to vomit on his aunt's nice carpet; for he found it was oil, and was the nastiest thing he had ever tasted in his life. He had scarcely got his mouth at all cleared from the oil, which stuck like glue to his teeth, when his uncle came into the room.

What is the matter, Richard? asked he, on seeing his nephew's wry face; have you been tasting the oil which is in that bottle?

No, answered Richard, still loathing at the taste he had in his mouth; I was only looking at it.

His uncle knew very well that Richard was not telling the truth; so he was

resolved to punish him. He therefore said, I was in hopes that you had already swallowed the dose that I meant you to have. But as that is not the case, you must have it now, for there is nothing will make you so soon well again.

Oh! you will not give me any of that nasty stuff, I hope, uncle? said Richard, shuddering with horror at the idea of tasting it again.

You must have some of it, answered his uncle, in a tone which made Richard sure that he was resolved upon giving him some. I was just going to bring some up to you, but thought I would ask William to go with me and try if he could persuade you to take it quietly. His uncle then began to pour some into a glass, which he had first made wet all over with water to prevent the oil from sticking to the sides of it. Richard stood by in agony at the idea of having to swallow it; yet at a loss to know how he could avoid it.

At length when his uncle came towards him he could bear it no longer,

and bursting into tears he cried out, Oh! uncle, do not give it me! Pray do not force me to take it, for I have swallowed a great deal already.

You told me just now that you had not tasted it, said his uncle.

But I did, indeed I did, replied Richard. I swallowed a great deal.

Liars cannot expect to be believed, returned his uncle, even though they should speak the truth. You must have told me a lie either before or now, so that having to swallow this is only what you deserve. I shall, therefore, make you take it, and you may as well do it quietly. Richard looked at the glass; but the sight of the oil, the taste of which he still had so strong in his mouth, made his heart seem to turn over, and he felt as though it would not be possible for him to let it go into his mouth.

If you do not take it at once, said his uncle, I shall ring for a servant to hold your nose, whilst I pour it into your mouth.

Still Richard resisted; the bell was

rung. The servant who came was told to take hold of Richard's nose and keep his head back, whilst his uncle poured the sickening medicine down his throat. It soon, however, came back again; for his disgust was so great, that it made him sick the moment it entered his stomach.

Oh! thought Richard, how dearly have I paid for those sweetmeats! How much I wish I had never seen or tasted them!

But this was not all he had to suffer. It was not long before the little boys who had been asked to spend the day with them arrived. Though William would much rather have sat with his brother and tried to amuse him, he was obliged to attend to the strangers, whilst Richard, who was too ill to take any part in the fun that was going forward, lay tumbling about the sofa, and thinking the day would never be over.

When dinner-time came, he saw them all sit down to the table, where a great many nice things seemed to invite

them to eat, without his being able to taste a bit of any of them.

Just as the dinner-things were taken away, a servant came into the room to say, that a man with a box of sweetmeats was at the door, and would not go away till he knew whether the young gentleman who bought some of him yesterday would choose any more today. Richard almost started off the sofa when he heard the man with the sweetmeats spoken of.

There was no young gentleman here yesterday who could buy sweetmeats, said his uncle. The man must have made a mistake in the house.

The man had followed the servant almost into the room, and had heard all that passed; and coming a few steps forward, he said, No, I am not mistaken, your honour, A young gentleman bought them of me, and I am sure he would like them; for they are as good sweetmeats as ever were made.

He has no reason to like them,

thought Richard, as he lay trembling at the idea of being found out; for he has paid dearly for them.

Come in, and try if you can find out the young gentleman amongst all that are here, said his uncle.

The man came into the room; and casting his eyes round, he in a few minutes fixed them on Richard, though the little culprit took care not to turn his face towards him. That is the young gentleman who is lying on the sofa, sir, said the man. I hope was not my sweetmeats that made him ill.

William began to tremble, and feel very much grieved for his brother; whilst his uncle asked the man how much the little boy had bought.

A shilling's worth, sir. Only a shilling's worth; and that divided amongst so many, would do nobody any harm.

Now Richard's uncle knew that neither of the boys had any money of their own, for their mamma had begged in her letter that none might be given to them, as she was afraid of their buying

things to eat with it. He was sure therefore, that the shilling which Richard had spent in sweetmeats, must be that which the poor man ought to have had.

I will not ask you where you got the money, Richard; lest it should tempt you to tell another lie. I know very well that it was the shilling you won after dinner yesterday, and which was only given to you that you might make some poor person happy with it.

Richard hid his face with his hands, but did not attempt to speak. Poor William was in such distress for his brother, that he came and whispered to his uncle, and begged that he would not say any more about it.

His uncle said, I am sorry to give you pain, William, but such conduct deserves to be exposed; I will save your brother any further reproof, however, for your sake. We will leave him to his own thoughts at present, and tomorrow he shall be sent home, as too naughty a boy for me to keep in my

house. Come up stairs, my little fellows, added he to the little boys who sat round the table; the magic lantern is ready for us, and we may enjoy ourselves; for we have neither been cheats nor gluttons.

Richard thought he could never be sorry enough for what he had done. Again and again he resolved he would never more allow a love of eating to tempt him to do what was wrong; for, said he, the pleasure of eating the nicest thing in the world is soon over, but the pain that is caused by being naughty lasts for many—many days.

THE HUMMING TOPS.

THOMAS and William were two brothers, and very nearly of the same age. Thomas was seven years of age, and William almost six. They were the only children their papa and mamma had: and as great pains were taken to make them happy, they were much to blame when they were not so. But they had each of them faults which their father and mother wished much to have them cured of. Thomas was a very clever little boy, and most people thought him a pleasant one; but he had the very sad failing of wishing for every thing that he saw his brother have. However nice his own things were, he soon began to think his brother's better, and to make himself unhappy with wishing for them. William was in general a good-tempered pleasant little fellow, but he had a very bad trick of crying for every

little trifle; and when he once began to cry, his papa and mamma used to say, he never knew when to give over again; and, as it was very tiresome to have the sound of his crying dinning their ears, they were often forced to send him into a room to stay by himself for two or three hours together, instead of enjoying himself with them, as he might have done if he had not been so silly.

Their uncle George came down from London, and brought them each a very large handsome humming-top, with which they were much delighted. William was a long time in learning the way to pull the string off so quickly as to make it spin; and when he heard the humming noise his brother's made, he wished very much that he could make his own do the same. He kept asking every body he came near to set his top up for him; but still, when they did so, he did not feel half so much pleased with it as if he had done it himself; and he was often almost ready about it. At last his father asked him if he knew what

was the reason of its making that noise; but William did not know: so his father told him that it was owing to the air trying to get into the square hole at the side, as the top turned round. William could not find out how the air could push so hard as to make such a noise; so his father desired him to hold out his arms, and swing himself round on his heel, and try if he did not feel the air press much harder against his hands than it had done when he stood still. William found that this was the case; and when he thought how much faster the top turned round than he was able to do, he was sure he knew why the air made such a noise in rushing into the hole in the top. He then asked his father what was the reason that the top stood so upright whilst it was going round, and that it would not stand up at all when it had done turning round. His father told him it was because it had been turned round with so much force whilst the string was pulling off, that it could do nothing else for a long time afterwards,—just as

he knew it had often been with himself when he had begun to run down a bank, that he could not stop himself from running for a long time after. But his father told him to notice, that, as it began to be less and less inclined to turn round so very quickly, it leaned by degrees more and more to one side, till at last it almost ceased to turn round at all, and then it fell over directly. When William thought all this over, he knew that the quicker he pulled out the string the faster the top would turn round, and of course the longer it would spin; so that he soon learned to make his top stand up as long as his brother's did.

The two little boys were very happy all the evening, playing with their tops; and as soon as they got up in the morning they began again. William could scarcely find time to eat his breakfast, he was so fond of setting his top up, and watching it whilst it spun; and the servant had called him two or three times to come and get ready for school before he could prevail upon himself to

leave it. At last, when he found that Thomas was quite ready, and was just upon the point of setting off without him, he went in a great bustle, for he did not like to go through the streets by himself. As soon as he came home again, however, he went to get his top; but unluckily in his haste in the morning he had forgotten to put the string by along with it, and it was not now to be found. This was a very great distress to him, and he cried sadly about it. His mamma bore with him a long time, because she was sorry for his having lost his string, though she thought him very silly for crying about it, as that was no way of making matters better; but she became quite tired of hearing him, and was forced to send him into a room by himself, till he could manage to give over. At last he came into the parlour again with dry eyes and a smiling face; and though Thomas was spinning his top at the time, he was resolved not to cry again.

I wish I had another string, mamma,

said he, going up to his mother, and trying very hard to keep back the tears.

I shall not give you another till to-morrow, William, answered she; because I wish you to feel some pain from the want of one, that you may take more care of another when you get it.

Then I wish Thomas would lend me his a while, said William.

I will lend you mine, sometimes, replied Thomas, but you know it is my string, and I have a right to it oftenest. You shall spin your top once for every three times that I spin mine.

William tried to be content with this, though it was not half so nice as having a string of his own, to use as often as he liked.

Whilst they were amusing themselves this way, the servant came into the room with two bunches of flowers in her hands. Thomas and William were both very fond of flowers; but as they lived in the middle of a large town, where there were not any gardens, they very seldom saw any. A woman, how-

ever, who brought eggs and butter to their mamma, knew how fond they were of flowers, and sometimes brought them some; and those which the servant now came into the room with, were some which she had just brought for them. As Thomas was the oldest, he was to have his choice of the bunches, and he chose one which had a great many lilacs and wall-flowers in it.

Oh! what a handsome tulip I have got! cried William, as he took the other bunch out of the servant's hand. Look, mamma, look, mamma, what a great many fine colours it has!

Yes, it is very pretty, indeed, said his mother; I think I never saw a finer tulip.

But are not my flowers prettier, mamma? said Thomas, holding them out for his mother to look at.

They are much sweeter, my dear, but not so handsome, replied his mother.

That is a very fine tulip you have got there, William, said his father, who just then came into the room.

I wish I had chosen that bunch, said Thomas, who began to be out of love with his own flowers as soon as he heard any one admire his brother's. Will you change with me, William? I will give you all these lilacs for your tulip.

No, said William, I will not give my tulip for lilacs; I had lilacs last week and the week before, and a great many times, but I never have had a tulip before. Oh; it is a pretty flower. I never saw any thing so handsome. It is purple, and red, and yellow, and white.

Then I will give you all my flowers for it, said Thomas;—for this silly boy fancied he could not be happy unless he could call this tulip his own.

No, answered William; I have some the same as every flower you have, and I do not wish for any more.

Cannot you look at the tulip, and admire it as much whilst it belongs to your brother as if it were your own, Thomas? said his mother. But Thomas could not do that; and at last, after trying for

a long time to persuade William to give it for the whole of his flowers, he offered him the string of his top for it. This was an exchange that William was very glad to make; so he agreed to it at once.

Take care, Thomas, what you do, said his mother, lest you should repent of it when it is too late. But Thomas fancied he should not repent, and the exchange was made.

Their mamma now told them that she was going to take them out to walk with her, and they were both very much pleased to go.

I will put my string in my pocket, said William, and then I shall have it safe.

And I will carry my tulip in my hand, and every body will admire it as I go along the streets, said Thomas. But Thomas found that he walked along and met a great many people without any of them seeming to notice his tulip; and he began to feel vexed.

Do you not think this pretty tulip

much better than a piece of string, mamma? said he.

It is certainly much handsomer, my dear, replied his mother; but you know the value of things does not depend upon their beauty.

But would you not have been very willing to give a piece of string for such a pretty flower.

Not if the string had been likely to have afforded me pleasure for a much longer time, answered his mother.

But you know I may get another string, perhaps; and I had no tulip, and William had.

If I had been you, I would have been content with looking at the tulip, without caring whether I could call it my own or not. I would even have been glad that my brother had any thing so pretty.

But you know, mamma, if William liked the string better, and I liked the tulip better.——

If you each like what you have got the best, it is all well, said his mother.

I only hope you will not alter your mind and get out of humour with the exchange when the beauty of your tulip is gone.

Thomas looked at the flower as his mamma spoke, and saw with surprise that it would no longer stand upright. Oh! my tulip is almost spoiled, cried he; look, mamma, it is withered already.

That you must be forced to submit to, my dear, said his mother: you wished for this tulip above every thing, and you got it. You know that any gathered flower will only last for a very short time, and you must therefore try to be content with having called this tulip your own for a few minutes.

As Thomas stood looking with great grief at his flower, William came running up to them. They had now got out of the town, and were walking along a pleasant lane that was shaded with trees, and William had run before his mother and brother.—Look what I have got, said he, as he came back to

them: I have found this nice piece of stick that will bend, and I am going to make a bow of it; and here is another straight piece for an arrow.

Where did you find them? asked Thomas eagerly;—can I get a piece too?

William told his brother where he had found them, and away he went to search for two pieces of stick, that he too might make himself a bow and arrow. He soon came back with some very nice sticks for the purpose; but, alas, how was the bow to be made? The string of William's top had come in very nicely for his bow, but Thomas had nothing of the kind. What must I do for a string? cried he; I have nothing to tie my bow with.

That is your own fault, answered his mother. You know you gave your string away for the tulip, and therefore you must learn to be content without it.

William might give me half of his string, said Thomas; it would be quite long enough for both the bows.

But then you would neither of you have a string for your tops, you know, said their mother.

I should not care for that, answered Thomas; I would rather have a string to make a bow with than any thing else.

Then, mamma, if you please, you may cut this string in two, and I will give Thomas half of it, said William.

I am very glad to see you so willing to oblige your brother, my dear William, said his mother: but I think it will be better for Thomas to wait till we get home, and then I will give him a shorter string that will do quite as well for his bow, and you can keep yours whole.

But I do not like to wait till we get home, said Thomas in a peevish tone, for then William will have a bow, a long time before I have.

William, who was a very good-natured little boy, did not like to see his brother out of humour; so he said, Cut this string if you please, mamma.

Had you not better lend your brother

your string till we get home? asked his mother. Do you not remember something that you have heard about whipcords and tops?

Yes, said William; I know you once told us a story that you said was called "Waste not, want not;" about Hal and Ben; and that Ben took care of his whipcord, so that it served for a great many uses.

Do you know what is the meaning of "Waste not, want not?" asked his mother.

I think it means——it is——I cannot tell exactly what it means, said William.

I will tell you the meaning, then, replied his mother. If you cut this cord in two, instead of only lending it to your brother, you will be wasting, and must therefore be obliged to want afterwards.

William hesitated a moment; but turning to his brother, and seeing him look very anxious, he said, I can want myself, mamma, but I had rather not have Thomas to want.

That is all very well, my dear: if you

are willing to want, I can have no objection to your obliging your brother. She then cut the cord; and they set to work very eagerly to make their bows.

Whilst they were busy shooting with their bows and arrows, they were both very happy, and amused themselves all the way home, trying which could shoot the furthest. Before they went to bed however, both their bows were broken, and thrown aside, as of no further use; and when they got up the next morning, and saw their tops lying useless for want of a string, they each began to wish they had been more careful of the strings when they had them. Even the short pieces of cord were now no longer to be found. They had been left tied to the pieces of stick the night before, and had been put into the fire altogether by the servant in the morning to help to kindle it. When their mamma came down stairs, they both went to her, with very earnest requests for another piece of cord for their tops, which they promised to be more careful of.

You have each of you parted with your strings so foolishly, said she, that I cannot think of giving you another directly; but I will make a bargain with you both: If I never see you out of humour, Thomas, all to-day; nor ever hear you cry, William, you shall each of you have a new string this evening at six o'clock.

Oh! thank you, mamma, that will be very nice, exclaimed Thomas.

And will it be a very nice long string? asked William; as long as that which came with the tops?

Yes, quite as long, and as good too; so that you have nothing to think about but of taking care to gain them.

I am resolved to win mine, said Thomas.

I will not cry, added William; no not if I were to have my hand cut off. Their mamma smiled, and told them that she should be very happy if they kept their promise; for as it was a holiday, and they had not to go to school

that day, it would be a very happy thing for her to have them good and pleasant boys the whole day through.

They went on very well for a long time. They each of them got a piece of wood, which they had a great deal of pleasure in making into little boats; and after they had put masts to them, they asked their mamma leave to go and sail them in the cistern. She told them that she was afraid of their falling into the cistern; but she would desire the servant to set a tub of water in the yard, and they might sail their boats in it. They ran into the yard with great glee, quite pleased with the idea of seeing their boats sail along the water. But Thomas very nearly lost his good humour when he put his boat on the water; for instead of sailing along as he expected it to do, it turned over, and in spite of all he could do it would sail almost bottom upwards. William's floated along as nicely as could be; but neither he nor Thomas could make out the reason that his brother's did not do equally well. It was very lucky that,

before Thomas had quite lost the command of his temper, his uncle George came in the way, and told him that his mast was too high for the size of the boat, which made it top-heavy, and that when a vessel was on the water, the heaviest part would always sink the lowest. He told him too, that in order to make large ships sail more steadily, there was always something heavy put in the bottom, which is called the ballast; but as his little boat was too small to hold ballast, the mast must be made much smaller, or else it would still continue to sail upside down. His uncle therefore cut his mast shorter for him, and then his boat sailed as well as William's, and they were both very happy again.

After they had sailed their boats till they were quite tired, they went into the house; and when Thomas began to think how nearly he had been out of temper, he was very glad to hear it was five o'clock, for it now only wanted an hour to the time when his mamma said she would give them their strings. He

was almost sure now that he should be able to keep in good humour till six o'clock; and as to William, he declared over and over again that nothing should make him cry. I will get my slate, said he, and draw till six o'clock, for I am never so happy as when I am drawing. Thomas thought he would get his slate too, and they were both very busy when their aunt came into the room.

Oh! aunt Margaret, said Thomas, you have just come in time to see what a nice ship I have made: Is it not a very famous one?

Yes, it is a very good one, answered his aunt; but I like that tiger that William has drawn a great deal better.

I am sure ships are far nicer things than tigers, said Thomas; they are of far more use. If there were no ships, people could not go to the places where tigers are found.

But the ships that you draw are not of any more use than William's tigers, you know, said his aunt; and they do not look half so pretty.

I am sure they are much prettier, returned Thomas; and I am a far better drawer than William.

But you cannot draw horses so well as I can, or lions, or camels, or any kind of animals, said William. I have always to make your horses' necks for you, and the manes of your lions; and you cannot make the hunches on the camels' backs at all, you know.

Never mind, I can make much prettier ships than you can; and I am sure, aunt Margaret, ships are a great deal nicer things than horses and lions.

Very well, my dear, replied his aunt, if you think so it is all right. You have nothing to do but to make as many ships as you can get room for on your slate.

But do you not think they are much nicer? asked he: for Thomas could not be content unless other people thought his things the best as well as himself.

You know, said his aunt, I have told you that I think animals much prettier in pictures than ships: but that is no mat-

ter: if you like them better yourself, it is enough.

But that was not enough. Thomas had no more pleasure in his ships, because his aunt had said that she liked William's animals better; and after she was gone out of the room, he stood peevish and out of humour. William kept drawing on very happily, which made Thomas still more vexed; for he thought the reason of his being so happy was because his aunt had said she liked his tiger the best. But Thomas was mistaken, for William would have been quite as happy if his aunt had said that she liked his brother's ship better than his tiger.

Oh! I wish you would not shake the table so, Thomas, said he; I have made my elephant's jaw as long as the trunk should be.

Thomas gave the table another shake.

Oh! that is too bad, cried William in great distress; now I have made the trunk quite crooked.

And so it should be crooked, said

Thomas: that proves you know nothing about what you are doing.

I do know very well—I know it should turn up, but not with a sharp turn; it should have a nice round one like that. And as William spoke, he finished off the trunk of the elephant with a pretty easy curve.

Oh! you are so proud of your drawing, said Thomas,—who was now quite out of humour to see what a fine elephant William had made, in spite of all the shakes that he had given to the table ;—you think nobody is so clever as you are.

As he spoke, he stretched out his hand for the purpose of rubbing it over his brother's slate; but William snatched it away.

Thomas, however, was by this time too much out of humour to be put off; he struggled to get his hand over it, and William tried to prevent him, till in the scuffle the slate slipped from his hand, and was broken in pieces on the hearth which they stood near. A loud cry

was that instant set up by William, which brought his mamma into the room.

What is amiss, William? asked she; what has made you cry?

I have let my slate fall, and it is broken, mamma, sobbed he.

So I see;—but you know you declared you would not cry if even your hand were cut off.

But it was such a nice slate, and I had drawn such a large elephant on it!

Just as William spoke, the clock struck six.

Now you see, said his mother, you have lost your string by being so foolish as to cry. How vexed you will be at yourself when you see your brother playing with his top, and think that you lost yours merely by being so silly as to cry for having broken your slate! Thomas, however, must have his; and I hope, as he has been in a good humour the whole of one day, he will by this time have learned to know how much happier he is when he is good temper-

ed.—I hope too, added she, turning to Thomas and holding out the string to him, you will show your good temper further, and let your brother have the loan of your string for his top sometimes.

As his mamma held out the string, Thomas began to think that he had no right to it; and though his mother did not know that he had been out of humour, he was old enough to find out that it would be cheating if he took this string, when he had not only forfeited his own, but had been the cause of his brother's having lost his. Now, though Thomas had great faults, he was a very honest boy, and would not tell a story, or cheat, for the world; so he did not offer to take the string which his mother held out to him.

Why do you not take the string out of my hand, Thomas, asked she.

Because mamma, I have no right to it, answered Thomas; I have been out of humour, and it was my fault that William broke his slate.

But it was my own fault to cry after it was broken, said William.

I am pleased with you, Thomas, for owning the truth, said their mother; as well as with William for not accusing you.

Their uncle George had come into the room time enough to hear what passed; and he now said, As they have both done so well in this instance, I must beg that you will indulge them with their strings to-night, and try if they will not be good all day to-morrow to pay for them; but if they are not good, they must have both strings and tops taken from them directly. Their mother agreed to this, and gave the little boys the strings. As they had sense enough to know that they were much obliged to their mother and uncle for their kindness, they were resolved to repay them by being as good as they wished them to be.

On the evening of the next day, they both came to their mamma with smiling faces, and told her that they had not done any thing to forfeit their tops.

I am very glad to hear it, said she;

and I am sure you will now have more pleasure in these tops than in any plaything you ever had in your lives; for they will remind you both of having had the wisdom to own a fault, and the good sense to try to correct it; and that is the way to become as wise and good as your kindest friends could wish to see you.

Thomas and William were so happy at having gained their mamma's good opinion, that they ever after took pains to cure themselves of their faults; and though it often needed a very hard struggle, they at last became two very good boys.

THE END.

THE LITTLE WANDERER, a Tale founded on Facts.

THE REBELLIOUS SCHOOL GIRL, a Tale.

EASY LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.